

deadly hatred for religion, ridiculed every principle of decency and morality, and by foul calumnies, aimed at sundering those bonds of love and sympathy which have always bound together the priest and people of Ireland.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, MARCH 7, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Bosnia Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Stuart Robson in "The Heartless."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Lillian Spectacular Comedy Co.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Duff Opera Co. in "The Red Hussar."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street—"The Sultan."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Bottom of the Sea."

HAYLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Hallen & Hart in "Later On."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue—"U.S. Mail."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—"Two Old Crouches."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halsted street near Madison—"The Fugitive."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sunday included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J.C.W." City-Lord Leitrim was shot in April, 1878. We are unable to say on what day of the month.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Gratton.

THE EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

The ever growing popularity of the annual demonstrations in honor of Emmet's memory is proof enough, if proof were necessary, of the continued progress and hearty vitality of the Irish national cause on this side of the Atlantic. The anniversary of the martyred patriot has been celebrated in a manner worthy of the dead, and of the creed he professed; and appropriate tributes have been paid to the Irish Spartan courage which hurled defiance at Norbury from the dock of the Green street courthouse eighty eight years ago. A very large number of the Irish and Irish-American inhabitants of Chicago met in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening to commemorate the occasion, while in New York, Brooklyn, Syracuse, Philadelphia and other cities similarly successful demonstrations have taken place, all of which go to prove that the Irish nationalists in the United States are staunch adherents to the principles for which Emmet lived and for which he died.

No nobler ideal of a patriot could be well set up for the cult of a people aspiring to be free. Emmet was a patriot in the broadest and best interpretation of the word. He was utterly unselfish, thoroughly unsectarian, and intensely republican. He stepped down from that gilded sphere, in which anti-Irish prejudices reigned paramount, in order to throw in his lot with the people. By doing so he sacrificed the friendship of many of his youthful comrades, and incurred the disfavor of most of the members of the family to which he belonged. An aristocrat by birth and training, he became a democrat by education and conviction. He had nothing personally to gain and much to lose by taking sides with the oppressed against the oppressor. If he had remained a so-called loyalist, his talent and connections would have raised him to one of the highest posts in the government of the country. Emmet, however, was so formed by nature that no emolument or hope of emolument could induce him to espouse the cause of guilt and spoliation. A Protestant by religion, he labored with might and main to strike the chains from the limbs of his Catholic fellow countrymen; and although he was brought up in the monarchical atmosphere of Trinity College, Dublin, he spurned at an early age the fossilized superstitions of that institution, and paid the penalty of his daring by being expelled from its precincts. A student of the French revolution, and an ardent admirer of many of the tenets which were the main springs of that great popular upheaval, he turned his back on the fetich of royalty, and became heart and soul a republican.

Emmet's ambition for Ireland was one which has commanded the support and

approbation of true Irish nationalists all the world over. His idea of an Irish nation was not a College Green vespertine masquerade as a parliament, but an Ireland enjoying sovereign independence from sea to sea, with its army on land and its navy on the deep, accepting no dictation or interference from any foreign power, English or other, and having as full and complete control over her own destinies as any other sovereign state in Europe. There was in Robert Emmet's public pronouncements no ranting allusion to the "propriety" or "necessity" of preserving the golden link of the crown between Ireland and England. The crown and the drunken debauchee who wore the bauble, might go to Jericho so far as Ireland was concerned. Nor was he wont to indulge in any oratorical hogwash about the advantages which would accrue to the Irish race if they took their stand as willing partners in the great British firm—a firm that has coined its gold from the blood of millions, and founded its prosperity on the bones of the myriads of victims it has made throughout its dastardly and iniquitous career of several centuries. Emmet would have no compromise with England. He had no desire to see his people scurrying all over the world with the bible in one hand and a bottle of rum or a sword in the other, in order to convince benighted savages that Britishers—and Britishers alone—were the chosen tribe of Israel. In aspiring to see Ireland take her rightful place among the nations of the earth, Emmet aimed at the only possible eventual solution of the Anglo-Irish controversy—the total separation of Ireland from the British Empire.

Peter the Great, of Russia, left a clause in his will providing that his successors should strain every nerve to wrest India from England and make it part and parcel of the Empire of the Czars. Since then the rulers of Russia have been working slowly but surely to bring about such a result, and Russia is today practically at the gates of Hindostan, and will in her own good time banish the English Shylocks from its fertile plains. Robert Emmet has with his dying breath asked Irishmen to vindicate his principles, and carry out to a successful issue the crusade for liberty in which he so generously sacrificed his life. That request should be regarded as sacred in the eyes of every Irishman. And that it is regarded in that light is evidenced by the fact that thousands of Irish Americans, who have assembled together in the course of the present week, have pledged themselves to make the erection of a monument to the dead hero a possibility by making the country of which he was the beloved son a nation once again. Concessions may come from the British parliament; a College Green legislature of some kind or another may be one of the undeveloped probabilities of the future, but such plums, though they may tickle, will not and cannot satisfy the palate of the Irish people. We can only write Emmet's epitaph when the last vestige of English misrule shall have been wiped away from the face of the land, when the home and the cradle of our race shall be ruled by

"the kindly Irish of the Irish.
Neither Saxon nor Italian!"

THE IRISH POLITICAL SITUATION.

The political situation in Ireland is becoming week by week more and more satisfactory. The masses of the Irish people at home are furnishing, Sunday after Sunday, overwhelming proofs that they will acknowledge no constitutional leader except Parnell. Monster meetings, held in Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Tralee, Ennis, Roscommon, and Navan, and attended by representative men in each of these towns and cities, point to the fact that Parnell's position is practically impregnable; while the complete failure of the McCarthyites to make any favorable impression on Irish public opinion goes to show that the National Liberal Confederation, of which they were to be the sponsors, has, so to speak, died still-born.

Apart altogether from other considerations the truth is that the Irish people, having had in the past bitter experience of the false friendship of English Whigs, refuse to trust their fate and fortunes to men like Healy and McCarthy, who are but mere puppets in the hands of Gladstone and Harcourt. British Whiggery has been the curse of Ireland. Unlike Toryism which is at least truculently honest in its hatred of everything Irish, Whiggery puts on the airs of a Pharisee, and while pretending to acknowledge the justice of Irish rights has always betrayed them, when it suited its purpose to do so. O'Connell himself, who quitted with the Whigs, just as the McCarthyites are quidding with them today, discovered when it was too late that they were "base, bloody, and brutal." The alliance of an Irish Parliamentary party with these same people later on led to the formation of the Brass Band, and the almost wholesale betrayal of Irish constituencies by their members in the British house of commons. These are only a few of the facts which convince the Irish race that one might sooner expect to reap figs from thistles than hope for justice from such a quarter, at least, by begging for it like slaves or mendicants.

The opening years of Mr. Parnell's political career have demonstrated beyond yea or nay that the Whigs conceded nothing to Irish demands so long as Ireland's members confined themselves to tall talk and oratorical platitudes. It was only when Mr. Parnell, abandoning the mild as-trescle policy of Isaac Butt, entered

on his obstruction fight, and pricked and goaded the British lion, by turning her legislature into contempt that that animal had to cry "halt!" and acknowledge through its prime minister that the question of an Irish parliament had at last been brought within the domain of practical politics. No Irishman in his senses believes that Mr. Gladstone framed his Home Rule bill with the best or most unselfish of motives. He knew that he could not hope to retain power without the assistance of the eighty five members from Ireland, and in order to keep a firm grip of his official residence in Downing street, he decided on becoming a Home Ruler. The moral of this episode is that it is not by knowing to Whig statesmen, or by consenting to be whipped into line as the wretched tail of a Whig party that Irishmen can ever hope to obtain even a remnant of that liberty which was wrested from them by force, fraud, and spoliation.

It is no wonder, therefore, that with such an object lesson before them the Irish people should refuse to abandon a leader who, by hard blows deftly dealt, made the Irish cause feared and respected in the English parliament; or that with their eyes open they should decline to partake of the Whig delicacies set before them, even though the fare be garnished with the pseudo-attitude of Mr. Tim Healy's scurrility. In this attitude of theirs the people at home, THE CITIZEN has no doubt, will be supported by the vast majority of their brethren on this side of the Atlantic. Certain "travelling delegates" might attempt to make believe that all or nearly all the brainy Irishmen and Irishmen of substance in the United States, are opposed to the retention of the leadership by Mr. Parnell. They might on their return to Westminster or to Ireland, advance the preposterous statement that Messrs. McCarthy and Healy have a strong following in this country; but the fact, nevertheless, remains, that the best blood of Irish nationality under the stars and stripes is heartily and irrevocably on Mr. Parnell's side in this contest. There are, of course, thousands of Irishmen who do not believe that Mr. Parnell or any other constitutional agitator will attain for Ireland by so-called legal means, a full measure of legislative independence, but they hope and expect that by the very force of circumstances the Irish leader will develop into a revolutionist of the true and robust type. Indeed, there are at present signs and omens to show that for the past few weeks Mr. Parnell is broadening his national instincts in a very commendable manner indeed. Under these circumstances it would be impolitic on the part of Irishmen, whose programme is the establishment of an Irish republic, to put any obstacle in Mr. Parnell's path that would retard his coming conversion to the principles of Irish absolute independence. THE CITIZEN is, in fact, certain that the Irish parliamentary leader has the passive, and will if needs be, have the active support of all Irish Americans worthy of the name; for he is not alone among the parliamentarians at home—is personally the nearest approach to men of the stamp of Tone and Emmet, of Stephens and Mitchell.

THE CITIZEN, in conclusion, is pleased to observe that the reign of feud and disunion in Ireland is coming to a close. There may be few more wrangles and a few more pitched battles between both camps, but it is safe to predict that Mr. Parnell and his followers will eventually triumph.

CELTIC FOLK LORE.

The success of Mr. Douglas Hyde's book of Irish folk lore, was evidently the cause of the book under notice being published. The stories it contains were collected many years ago by a reverend Mr. MacInnes, and he acknowledges that they had lain a long time in manuscript before they were published. The renaissance of Gaelic literature, and the anxiety that men of culture have to know as much as possible about the state of society in the past, and how people amused themselves before the art of printing was discovered, have been the prime causes of the present popularity of Folk Lore.

Mr. MacInnes gives in the preface a very interesting description of peasant life in the Highlands of Scotland in the last century, before the cruel clearances under the Duke of Sutherland and other brutes like him, had depopulated so many Highland straths and glens. Those clearances owed their origin to English hate for the noble race that had fought so bravely and risked so much for the Stuarts. How any of that race whose country has been turned into a wilderness in order that deer and grouse may afford sport to the Saxon, can be loyal to the Saxon, is a mystery so huge that it strikes us dumb. Horribly as the Celts of Scotland have been treated, the Celts of Ireland have been treated even worse, and yet—marvel of marvels! they seem only to desire to kiss the hand that smote them!

The absolute identity of Irish and Scotch Celts in the past can be seen from the stories in this book. There are twelve of them, and the scenes of nearly half of them are laid in Ireland. The characters are, in many instances, Irishmen. Not only is Finn MacCool mentioned, but also Brian Boromha and his son Morrogh. The tales are, on the whole, very interesting. They deal in the marvelous and the impossible in a most extraordinary degree; but so do folk lore stories of all nations.

The general "get up" of the book is all

that could be desired. Paper, printing, and binding are very good; so also is the manner in which the book is arranged. The Gaelic is printed on one page and the English on the opposite one. If the Gaelic contains any unusual word, its English equivalent can be seen at a glance, and without having to turn over many pages to find it. The book is faultless in everything but one; but that one thing is so huge, so monstrous, and so horrible that it should cause the very sight of the book to be an abomination not only in the eyes of every true Gael, whether Scotch or Irish, but in the eyes of every one who hates deception and loves truth. The book should be held in contempt because the Gaelic that appears in it is the new, artificially and with malice prepense corrupted jargon that traitors to their race and country invented in order to please their tyrants and persecutors. If Ojibway or Zulu could be printed, it would be a more decent and civilized idiom than the marred and distorted gibberish that shameless men invented out of the Irish language; and it is this that is given in this book and called Gaelic!

If those who wrote Gaelic in Scotland during the last half century, had continued to write the first invented form of that language that appeared in the first Scotch Gaelic Bible that was printed about the year 1760, they would not have left themselves open to such grave charges; but their principal object in writing the language seems to be to corrupt it more and more every day, in order that it should look less like Irish. The Gaelic of the book under notice is almost as different from the language of the first edition of the Scotch Gaelic Bible, as the language of the latter is different from that of the Irish Bible. If Scotch Gaelic continues to be written for a few generations more it may end by becoming Chinese.

Stewart, in his Scotch Gaelic grammar, published about the year 1810, acknowledged openly that the Scotch left off writing their Gaelic in the Irish manner about the year 1760. He gives specimens of the language printed in Scotland down to the year 1684, and they are exactly the same as the Irish of the present day. The Scotch cannot show a single Gaelic book printed in Scotland before the middle of the last century that was not printed in the Gaelic of Ireland. Carswell, who wrote his "Gaelic Prayer Book" in Edinburgh in the year 1567, says in it that he feared Gaelic scholars would make game of his language because it had not the "polish of the poets" on it; but he says he did not pretend to be a litterateur, and only used "the usual Gaelic of the people." It is hardly necessary to say that this "usual Gaelic" was the Gaelic of Ireland.

If the book of Folk Lore under notice had been published as late as two hundred years ago, there would not have been a human being in all Scotland that could have read or understood perfectly a single page of it! In all history there is not to be found another act like the artificial distortion of the Gaelic language in Scotland. Owing to the slight interest heretofore taken in Gaelic language and literature, there was hardly anything known about it; but now that a Gaelic renaissance has set in, and that scholars of continental Europe are eagerly studying the language and industriously translating its literature, the whole literary world will soon know all about the great "Scotch Gaelic fraud," why it was committed, and the political object that was in view, namely, the breaking down of the old friendship, and the severance of the racial ties that had so long bound Scotch and Irish Celts together, and had made them regard each other as one people with one language.

* Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire, with notes by Alfred Nutt. London, published by the Folk-Lore Society, 1890.

A PARNELLITE DELEGATION TO AMERICA.

Although the battle for supremacy on Irish soil between Mr. Parnell and the seceders is practically decided, by the fact that the masses at home are overwhelmingly on the side of the former, steps are being nevertheless taken to have the Irish quarrel threshed out on this side of the fish pond. While the McCarthyites, with their usual force of inertia, are meditating on the choice of the delegates who are to come here in order to propagate the tenets of Anglo-Irish whiggery, Mr. Parnell, it is stated, is sending out immediately four members of his own party, who will lay his case before the Irish-American public. These gentlemen are Messrs. O'Kelly, O'Connor, Harrison and Redmond, Jr.

EDITOR STEAD of the Review of Reviews, is already known to a certain extent as the prince of journalistic cranks. When he set in the sanatorium of the Pall Mall Gazette, he fancied he could wash London's filthy linen as clean as snow by his ultra-Zolaesque article, entitled "A Tribute to the Modern Babylon." Despite Mr. Stead's very laudable intentions the English capital continued to be as leprous and lecherous as ever.

Mr. Stead's next move was to go on a lofty pilgrimage to teach the Pope and his College of Cardinals a proper sense of their duty in regard to the progress of humanity. This British scribe had actually the audacity to consider himself one of Leo XIII's indispensable advisers in the role which the Catholic church should play in advancing the interests of humankind. The Catholic church, according to Stead, could do much to make this earth

a Utopia if it got rid of its reeking superstitions. Mr. Stead accordingly came to the conclusion that by a confab with his Holiness he would induce the latter to throw off these superstitions and assure at once the advent of the millennium. The English editor in fact attitudes x'd as the Mentor of Christ's vicar on earth! Leo XIII, however, refused even to see this peripatetic idiot—with the result that the wretched creature had to return home from the banks of the Tiber—metaphorically speaking—with his tail between his legs.

Mr. Stead's third great project was the legislative independence of Ireland. He would forthwith secure a parliament in College Green, or he would perish in the attempt! It was, he said, an innate love of justice, as well as a solid self-education for the Irish people that induced him, an Anglo-Saxon, to make such a resolve, worthy as it was of the most chivalrous of the belted knights of the Middle Ages. Mr. Stead was bespattered with fulsome praise by certain Irish journals because he was thought to be one of the most earnest and devoted advocates of that "union of hearts and hands" on which so much silly and mendacious sentimentality has been expended for some years past. Mr. Stead's sincerity may be now gauged by his latest attitude. He has, it appears, just thrown the Home Rule question completely overboard, and advises the Gladstonians to adopt a Labor programme solely to put before the British constituencies at the forthcoming elections.

Mr. Stead is a genuine type of the Anglo-Saxon lover of Ireland. THE CITIZEN has never put any faith in the protestations of friendship for Ireland in which so many English Liberals were habitually so fond of indulging. The devil could be trusted sooner with the salvation of souls than could English Whiggery with the cause of Irish freedom. There is already a "cave" in the Liberal camp on the Irish question. Sir William Vernon Harcourt and many of his colleagues are preparing to abandon all further pretense of restoring an Irish legislature. So much for this canting hyp critical union of hearts and hands. It is about time that the blatant sham should be cold and damned.

Aristocratic London, which boasts of being the most rigid censor of vices, is not evidently practicing what it preaches. Jack the Ripper brutalities continue in Whitechapel with as much impunity as ever, and now scandal mongers have such dainty dishes before them as one of the Prince of Wales' "set" cheating at cards, and sundry other turpitudes too numerous to mention. It is the old story of the mote and the beam over again. British moralists, covered as they are with ulcers themselves, plausibly reprobate the sores of others, and thank the Lord their God that they are not as are other men. The race of the Pariahs is evidently not yet extinct in the vicinity of Temple Bar.

The blue blood of London is true to its rotten and corrupt traditions. Mephistopheles had it that the society where most vice predominates is invariably the most polite. Was it not the same authority who asserted that that which we call the "better blood" makes the worst person, and as for the "best" satan himself would blush for it!

Several of our Chicago contemporaries have accused the French people of a want of gallantry towards the dowager empress of Germany. And yet the fact is that their attitude to that lady was nothing if not respectful. A few cranks, headed by Paul Deroulede and one or two other soreheads represented as little the people of Paris as the so called Patriotic Sons of America represent the land of Washington and Grant, or Sherman and of Sheridan. Would our press colleagues please remember that one or two swallows never make a summer?

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent of the London Times, a gentleman whose pro-German proclivities are well known, makes the following important admission in describing the dowager's reception in Paris: "The attitude of the people of Paris was admirable from beginning to end. They were quiet, reserved, and respectful." How does this statement tally with the charge of want of gallantry brought against Parisians by our ultra imaginative colleagues of the Chicago daily press?

Mr. Parnell's prediction at Navan last Sunday that the Royal Meath of today will be the Republican Meath of tomorrow proves that the Irish parliamentary leader is a Republican at heart. THE CITIZEN is glad to observe that Mr. Parnell is making rapid progress in his political views and education.

The O'Donnell & Duer Bavarian Brewing Company.

In the list of new corporations published a few days ago it was noticed that the above corporation had enlarged its capital to \$350,000. The company intend remodeling their establishment, located on the corner of Fortieth and Wallace sts., and will place therein an entire new plant, including the latest inventions and improvements in machinery. The gentlemen incorporating the firm are P. P. O'Donnell, Charles Duer and J. H. Howe, all known to the public for their business qualifications and financial integrity. The firm will carry on the brewing and bottling of malt liquors, and with such strong combination the greatest success is predicted.

"REMEMBER EMMET."

The Irish of Chicago Meet in Their
Thousands to Honor the Memory
of the Martyr and
the Hero

An Elloquent and Learned Address by the
Hon. Marcus Kavanagh.

Wednesday night Central Music Hall was crowded by the sons and daughters of old Ireland, the occasion being the celebration of the 113th anniversary of Robert Emmet's birthday. The stage was decorated with an oil painting of Emmet, which was flanked by the Stars and Stripes and the flag of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. Under these were seated the committee on arrangements and the officers of the several Irish societies.

On the stage sat J. J. Fitzgibbon, M. J. Kelley, J. J. Mahoney, William McCoy, John B. Mullen, Commissioner Fleming, John J. McKenna, John Lillis, Arthur McCune, W. H. J. Jordan, Alderman Powers, Frank Higgins, Matthew Lamb, Martin Mulcahy, Patrick Boyle, Daniel Corkery, William Hogan, Frank Hardin, J. F. O'Connor, Owen Murray, and Michael Dominick O'Brien.

The exercises commenced with a selection of Irish airs on the organ. Matthew P. Brady was announced on the programme as chairman, but in his unavoidable absence through illness Daniel O'Connor introduced M. J. Kean as presiding officer. Mr. Kean said the meeting was joining with the Irish race the world over in celebrating the memory of Ireland's most illustrious patriot. The Irish of Chicago were always willing to give numerical and financial proof of their love for their native land. There may be local bickerings and differences, but when they were brought face to face with their country's cause, they recognized that men may come and men may go, but Ireland's cause goes on forever. The constitutional agitation might go on as long as the agitators pleased, but the hearts of the Irish people of Chicago were with the rebels of 1798 and with the cause which they loved and for which they bled. Mr. Kean believed that Ireland would be yet free and independent to the full extent of Emmet's aspirations. It would be no half way bargain, but would be an independence which would show that Emmet did not live and die in vain.

Miss Mamie McKay next sang the "Star Spangled Banner," after which "Dwyer, the Outlaw," a recitation, was rendered by a little girl named May Sexton.

MR. KAVANAUGH'S SPEECH.

The Hon. Marcus Kavanagh, who was received with cheers, spoke as follows:

Carlyle says that the history of a nation is but a biography of its great men. So, the great men of a nation mark the high tide of its intellectual power and the possibilities of its genius; they illustrate for their epoch, the trend of national endeavor and emphasize the character of their people. Their lives are frequently a suggestion of their country's history and a prophecy of the future. Indeed the prophets did not disappear when Malachi was laid to rest, nor did direct inspiration cease when the Evangelists departed. At every great crisis in every land the Almighty touches, with tongue of fire, some creature of His hand and lo! there stands a teacher and a prophet. A mark of this divine favor is that he shall be oppressed and a sign thereof which their is no commission reads that he shall suffer, for the world has earnest reverence for sorrow and knows that he who speaks to suffer for his words speaks truly. We may kill another for his thought, but when we destroy the man we make the thought immortal. Recognizing these truths, Ireland claims no higher proof for the justice of her cause than the lives of her illustrious men and the blood of her martyrs. In the splendor of their utterances and the glory of their endeavor, what land in all the seas can claim a richer heritage? We may not lose the path to freedom, for out of the storms of seven centuries above the wreck of a thousand hopes, the fire they lighted gleam down upon us and illumine the way before. From the battlefield and from the gallows tree, the noble, the peasant, the priest and layman, from every class and every creed, they call to us. Where is there a record of heroic endeavor to equal Irish history? Upon this day's anniversary it is valiant to ask the question? Beaten, struggling after struggle, the best blood of the land crimsoned the gibbet, the plain robber, the scoundrel, and the slanders passing current, friendless and poor, all was torn from them except the hope for freedom. The Irish boy has seen his father's lifeless form swinging from the roof of his burning home, and catching up that father's sword has fled into the darkness. Sometimes he grew to be high in power, as the Earl of Tyrone and Tyrconnel. Sometimes an "outlaw," hiding in the mountains like Michael Dwyer but always hoping and ever waiting. At last, some night when the sentry slept and the city was silent, he and his followers, with a shout from each heart and a soul in each lance, were upon them. He fought his brief fight and then went to the death his father had died. Glad to strike one free blow, he blessed his country from the scaffold and sends a message down to us as from a throne. His death but prolonged the struggle, for in it was the proof that God had spoken to him, bade him not despair for his country, but to fight on. So intense has been this contest for freedom, so long has it ensued, that it has left its trace in many ways upon the Irish character. The great men of that race illustrate it forcibly at home and abroad.

Love for country, for the motherland and for the land of their adoption, may indeed be said to be the prominent national characteristics. When after the Treaty of Limerick, the Irish soldiery scattered into other lands, they preserved the home memories, sacred with their new allegiance. They planted the banners of Castle upon the battlements of Ciudad Rodrigo; they bore the Eagle of Austria in triumph against the great Frederick, and carried the fear of his glory from the plains of Fontenoy and piled their

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Bosnia Vokes.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Stuart
Robson in "The Henrietta."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—
Lillian Spaulding in "The Comedy Co."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—
Duff Opera Co. in "The Red Hussar."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street—
"The Sultan."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union
"The Bottom of the Sea."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
Hallen & Hart in "Later On."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue—
"U. S. Mail."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
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NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of
Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-
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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"J.C.W." City—Lord Lettrism was shot in
April, 1878. We are unable to say on what day
of the month.

"We must tolerate one another, or else toler-
ate the common enemy."—Henry Gratian.

THE EMMET ANNIVERSARY.

The ever growing popularity of the
annual demonstrations in honor of Em-
met's memory is proof enough, if proof
were necessary, of the continued progress
and hearty vitality of the Irish national
cause on this side of the Atlantic. The
anniversary of the martyred patriot has
been celebrated in a manner worthy of
the dead, and of the creed he professed;
and appropriate tributes have been paid
to the Irish Spartan courage which hurled
defiance at Norbury from the dock of the
Green street courthouse eighty eight years
ago. A very large number of the Irish
and Irish-American inhabitants of Chicago
gathered in the Music Hall on Wednesday
evening to commemorate the occasion,
while in New York, Brooklyn, Syracuse,
Philadelphia and other cities similarly
successful demonstrations have taken
place, all of which go to prove that the
Irish nationalists in the United States are
staunch adherents to the principles for
which Emmet lived and for which he died.

No nobler ideal of a patriot could be
well set up for the cult of a people aspi-
ring to be free. Emmet was a patriot in
the broadest and best interpretation of
the word. He was utterly unselfish, thor-
oughly unsectarian, and intensely republi-
can. He stepped down from that gilded
sphere, in which anti Irish prejudices
reigned paramount, in order to throw in
his lot with the people. By doing so he
sacrificed the friendship of many of his
youthful comrades, and incurred the dis-
favor of most of the members of the fam-
ily to which he belonged. An aristocrat
by birth and training, he became a
democrat by education and con-
viction. He had nothing personally to
gain and much to lose by taking sides
with the oppressed against the oppressor.
If he had remained a so called loyalist, his
talent and connections would have raised
him to one of the highest posts in the gov-
ernment of the country. Emmet, however,
was so formed by nature that no emolu-
ment or hope of emolument could induce
him to espouse the cause of guilt and
spoilation. A Protestant by religion, he
labored with might and main to strike
the chains from the limbs of his Catholic
fellow countrymen; and although he was
brought up in the monarchical atmos-
phere of Trinity College, Dublin, he
spurned at an early age the fossilized
superstitions of that institution, and paid
the penalty of his daring by being expel-
led from its precincts. A student of the
French revolution, and an ardent admirer
of many of the tenets which were the
main springs of that great popular up-
heaval, he turned his back on the fetich
of royalty, and became heart and soul a
republican.

Emmet's ambition for Ireland was one
which has commanded the support and

approbation of true Irish nationalists all
the world over. His idea of an Irish na-
tion was not a College Green vestry mas-
querading as a parliament, but an Ireland
enjoying sovereign independence from sea
to sea, with its army on land and its
navy on the deep, accepting no dictation
or interference from any foreign power,
English or other, and having as full and
complete control over her own destinies
as any other sovereign separate state in
Europe. There was in Robert Emmet's
public pronouncements no ranting allu-
sion to the "propriety" or "necessity" of
preserving the golden link of the crown
between Ireland and England. The crown
and the drunken debauchee who wore the
bauble, might go to Jericho so far as Ire-
land was concerned. Nor was he wont to
indulge in any oratorical hogwash about
the advantages which would accrue to the
Irish race if they took their stand as will-
ing partners in the great British firm—a
firm that has coined its gold from the
blood of millions, and founded its pros-
perity on the bones of the myriads of victims
it has made throughout its dastardly and
iniquitous career of several centuries.
Emmet would have no compromise with
England. He had no desire to see his
people scurrying all over the world with
the bible in one hand and a bottle of rum
or a sword in the other, in order to con-
vince benighted savages that Britishers—
and Britishers alone—were the chosen
tribe of Israel. In aspiring to see Ire-
land take her rightful place among the
nations of the earth, Emmet aimed at the
only possible eventual solution of the
Anglo-Irish controversy—the total separa-
tion of Ireland from the British Em-
pire.

Peter the Great, of Russia, left a clause
in his will providing that his successors
should strain every nerve to wrest India
from England and make it part and por-
cel of the Empire of the Czars. Since then
the rulers of Russia have been working
slowly but surely to bring about such a
result, and Russia is today practically
at the gates of Hindostan, and will in her
own good time banish the English Shy-
locks from its fertile plains. Robert Em-
met has with his dying breath asked
Irishmen to vindicate his principles, and
carry out to a successful issue the crusade
for liberty in which he so generously
sacrificed his life. That request should be
regarded as sacred in the eyes of every
Irishman. And that it is regarded in that
light is evidenced by the fact that thou-
sands of Irish Americans, who have assem-
bled together in the course of the present
week, have pledged themselves to make
the erection of a monument to the dead
hero a possibility by making the country
of which he was the beloved son a nation
once again. Concessions may come from
the British parliament; a College Green
legislature of some kind or another may
be one of the undeveloped probabilities of
the future, but such plums, though they
may tickle, will not and cannot satisfy the
palate of the Irish people. We can only
write Emmet's epitaph when the last vest-
ige of English misrule shall have been
wiped away from the face of the land, when
the home and the cradle of our race shall
be ruled by

"the kindly Irish of the Irish,
Neither Saxon nor Italian!"

THE IRISH POLITICAL SITUATION.

The political situation in Ireland is be-
coming week by week more and more
satisfactory. The masses of the Irish peo-
ple at home are furnishing, Sunday after
Sunday, overwhelming proofs that they
will acknowledge no constitutional leader
except Parnell. Monster meetings, held
in Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Tralee,
Ennis, Roscommon, and Navan, and
attended by representative men in each of
these towns and cities, point to the fact
that Parnell's position is practically im-
pregnable; while the complete failure of
the McCarthyites to make any favorable
impression on Irish public opinion goes
to show that the National Liberal Confed-
eration, of which they were to be the
sponsors, has, so to speak, died still-born.

Apart altogether from other considera-
tions the truth is that the Irish people,
having had in the past bitter experience
of the false friendship of English Whigs,
refuse to trust their fate and fortunes to
men like Healy and McCarthy, who are
but mere puppets in the hands of Glad-
stone and Harcourt. British Whiggery
has been the curse of Ireland. Unlike
Toryism which is at least truculently
honest in its hatred of everything Irish,
Whiggery puts on the airs of a Pharisee,
and while pretending to acknowledge the
justice of Irish rights has always betrayed
them, when it suited its purpose to do so.
O'Connell himself, who coqueted with
the Whigs, just as the McCarthyites are
coquetting with them today, discovered
when it was too late that they were "base,
bloody, and brutal." The alliance of an
Irish Parliamentary party with these same
people later on led to the formation of the
Braas Band, and the almost wholesale be-
trayal of Irish constituencies by their
members in the British house of com-
mons. These are only a few of the facts
which convince the Irish race that one
might sooner expect to reap figs from
thistles than hope for justice from such a
quarter, at least, by begging for it like
slaves or mendicants.

The opening years of Mr. Parnell's
political career have demonstrated beyond
yea or nay that the Whigs conceded noth-
ing to Irish demands so long as Ireland's
members confined themselves to tall talk
and oratorical platitudes. It was only
when Mr. Parnell, abandoning the mild
reticent policy of Isaac Butt, entered

on his obstruction fight, and pricked and
goaded the British lion, by turning her
legislature into contempt that that animal
had to cry "halt!" and acknowledge
through its prime minister that the ques-
tion of an Irish parliament had at last
been brought within the domain of prac-
tical politics. No Irishman in his senses
believes that Mr. Gladstone framed his
Home Rule bill with the best or most un-
selfish of motives. He knew that he could
not hope to retain power without the
assistance of the eighty five members from
Ireland, and in order to keep a firm grip
of his official residence in Downing street,
he decided on becoming a Home Ruler.
The moral of this episode is that it is not
by kowtowing to Whig statesmen, or by
consenting to be whipped into line as the
wretched tail of a Whig party that Irish-
men can ever hope to obtain even a
remnant of that liberty which was wrested
from them by force, fraud, and spoliation.

It is no wonder, therefore, that with
such an object lesson before them the
Irish people should refuse to abandon a
leader who, by hard blows deftly dealt,
made the Irish cause feared and respected
in the English parliament; or that with
their eyes open they should decline to
partake of the Whig delicacies set
before them, even though the fare be
garlanded with the pseudo-attic
sauce of Mr. Tim Healy's scurrillity. In
this attitude of theirs the people at home,
THE CITIZEN has no doubt, will be
supported by the vast majority of their
brethren on this side of the Atlantic.
Certain "travelling delegates" might
attempt to make believe that all or nearly
all the brainy Irishmen and Irishmen of
substance in the United States, are op-
posed to the retention of the leadership
by Mr. Parnell. They might on their
return to Westminster or to Ireland, ad-
vance the preposterous statement that
Messrs. McCarthy and Healy have a
strong following in this country; but the
fact, nevertheless, remains, that the best
blood of Irish nationality under the stars
and stripes is heartily and irrevocably on
Mr. Parnell's side in this contest. There
are, of course, thousands of Irishmen who
do not believe that Mr. Parnell or any
other constitutional agitator will attain
for Ireland by so-called legal means,
a full measure of legislative independence,
but they hope and expect that by the very
force of circumstances the Irish leader
will develop into a revolutionist of the
true and robust type. Indeed, there are
at present signs and omens to show that
for the past few weeks Mr. Parnell is
broadening his national instincts in a very
commendable manner indeed. Under
these circumstances it would be impolitic
on the part of Irishmen, whose pro-
gramme is the establishment of an Irish
republic, to put any obstacle in Mr. Par-
nell's path that would retard his coming
conversion to the principles of Irish ab-
solute independence. THE CITIZEN is,
in fact, certain that the Irish parliamen-
tary leadership be the passive, and will if
needs be, have the active support of all
Irish Americans worthy of the name; for
he—no he alone among the parliamen-
tarians at home—is personally the nearest
approach to men of the stamp of Tone
and Emmet, O'Sephens and Mitchell.

THE CITIZEN, in conclusion, is pleased
to observe that the reign of feud and
dishonesty in Ireland is coming to a close.
There may be few more wrangles and
few more pitched battles between both
camp, but it is safe to predict that Mr.
Parnell and his followers will eventually
triumph.

FOLK LORE.

The success of Mr. Douglas Hyde's
book of Irish folk lore, was evidently the
cause of the book under notice being pub-
lished. The story is that it contains were col-
lected many years ago by a reverend Mr.
MacInnes, and he acknowledged that they
had lain a long time in manuscript before
they were published. The renaissance of
Gaelic literature, and the anxiety that
men of culture have to know as much as
possible about the state of society in the
past, and how people amused themselves
before the art of printing was discovered,
have been the prime causes of the present
popularity of Folk Lore.

Mr. MacInnes gives in the preface a
very interesting description of peasant
life in the Highlands of Scotland in the
last century, before the cruel clearances
under the Duke of Sutherland and other
brutes like him, had depopulated so
many Highland straths and glens. Those
clearances owed their origin to English
hate for the noble race that had fought so
bravely and risked so much for the
Stuarts. How any of that race whose
country has been turned into a wilderness
in order that deer and grouse may afford
sport to the Saxon, can be loyal to the
Saxon, is a mystery so huge that it strikes
us dumb. Horribly as the Celts of Ire-
land have been treated, the Celts of Scot-
land have been treated even worse, and
yet—marvel of marvels! they seem only
to desire to kiss the hand that smote them!

The absolute identity of Irish and
Scottish Celts in the past can be seen from
the stories in this book. There are twelve
of them, and the scenes of nearly half of
them are laid in Ireland. The characters
are, in many instances, Irishmen. Not
only is Finn MacCool mentioned, but also
Brian Boru and his son Morrogh. The
tales are, on the whole, very interesting.
They deal in the marvelous and the im-
possible in a most extraordinary degree;
but so do folk lore stories of all nations.
The general "get up" of the book is all

that could be desired. Paper, printing,
and binding are very good; so also is the
manner in which the book is arranged.
The Gaelic is printed on one page and
the English on the opposite one. If the
Gaelic contains any unusual word, its En-
glish equivalent can be seen at a glance,
and without having to turn over many
pages to find it. The book is faultless in
everything but one; but that one thing is
so huge, so monstrous, and so horrible
that it should cause the very sight of the
book to be an abomination not only in the
eyes of every true Gael, whether Scotch
or Irish, but in the eyes of every one who
hates deception and loves truth. The book
should be held in contempt because the
Gaelic that appears in it is the new, arti-
ficially and with malice prepense corrupt-
ed jargon that traitors to their race and
country invented in order to please their
tyrants and persecutors. If O'Jibbaway or
Zulu could be printed, it would be a more
decent and civilized idiom than the
marred and distorted gibberish that shame-
less men invented out of the Irish lan-
guage; and it is this that is given in this
book and called Gaelic!

If those who wrote Gaelic in Scotland
during the last half century, had contin-
ued to write the first invented form of that
language that appeared in the first Scotch
Gaelic Bible that was printed about the
year 1760, they would not have left them-
selves open to such grave charges; but
their principal object in writing the lan-
guage seems to be to corrupt it more and
more every day, in order that it should
look less like Irish. The Gaelic of the
book under notice is almost as different
from the language of the first edition of
the Scotch Gaelic Bible, as the language
of the latter is different from that of the
Irish Bible. If Scotch Gaelic continues
to be written for a few generations more
it may end by becoming Chinese.

Stewart, in his Scotch Gaelic grammar,
published about the year 1810, acknowl-
edges openly that the Scotch left off
writing their Gaelic in the Irish manner
about the year 1760. He gives specimens
of the language printed in Scotland down
to the year 1864, and they are exactly the
same as the Irish of the present day. The
Scotch cannot show a single Gaelic book
printed in Scotland before the middle of
the last century that was not printed in
the Gaelic of Ireland. Carshaw, who
wrote his "Gaelic Prayer Book" in Edin-
burgh in the year 1867, says in it that he
feared Gaelic scholars would make game
of his language because it had not the
"polish of the poets" on it; but he says he
did not pretend to be a litterateur, and
only used "the usual Gaelic of the people."
It is hardly necessary to say that this
"usual Gaelic" was the Gaelic of Ire-
land.

If the book of Folk Lore under notice
had been published as late as two hun-
dred years ago, there would not have been
a human being in all Scotland that could
have read or understood perfectly a single
page of it! In all history there is not to
be found another set like the artificial dis-
tortion of the Gaelic language in Scotland.
Owing to the slight interest heretofore
taken in Gaelic language and literature,
there was hardly anything known about
it; but now that a Gaelic renaissance has
set in, and that scholars of continental
Europe are eagerly studying the lan-
guage and industriously translating its
literature, the whole literary world will
soon know all about the great "Scotch
Gaelic fraud," why it was committed, and
the political object that was in view,
namely, the breaking down of the old
friendship, and the severance of the racial
ties that had so long bound Scotch and
Irish Celts together, and had made them
regard each other as one people with one
language.

Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire, with
notes by Alfred Nutt. London, published by
the Folk-Lore Society, 1890.

A PARNELLITE DELEGATION TO AMERICA.

Although the battle for supremacy on
Irish soil between Mr. Parnell and the se-
ceders is practically decided, by the fact
that the masses at home are overwhelm-
ingly on the side of the former, steps
are being nevertheless taken to have the
Irish quarrel threshed out on this side
of the fish pond. While the McCarthyites,
with their usual force of inertia, are med-
itating on the choice of the delegates who
are to come here in order to propagate
the tenets of Anglo-Irish whiggery, Mr.
Parnell, it is stated, is sending out im-
mediately four members of his own party,
who will lay his case before the Irish-American
public. These gentlemen are Messrs.
O'Kelly, O'Connor, Harrison and Red-
mond, Jr.

EDITOR STREAD of the Review of Reviews,
is already known to a certain extent as the
prince of journalistic cranks. When he
sat in the sanctum of the Pall Mall Gazette,
he fancied he could wash London's filthy
linen as clean as snow by his ultra-Zlaes-
que article, entitled "A Tribute to the
Modern Babylon." Despite Mr. Stread's
very laudable intentions the English
capital continued to be as leprous and
lecherous as ever.

Mr. Stread's next move was to go on a
lofty pilgrimage to teach the Pope and his
College of Cardinals a proper sense of
their duty in regard to the progress of
humanity. This British scribe had actually
the audacity to consider himself one of
Leo XIII's indispensable advisers in the
role which the Catholic church should
play in advancing the interests of human-
kind. The Catholic church, according to
Stread, could do much to make this earth

a Utopia if it got rid of its reeking super-
stitions. Mr. Stread accordingly came to
the conclusion that by a confab with his
Holiness he would induce the latter to
throw off these superstitions and assure at
once the advent of the millennium. The
English editor in fact attitudinized as the
Mentor of Christ's vicar on earth! Leo
XIII, however, refused even to see this
peripatetic idiot—with the result that the
wretched creature had to return home from
the banks of the Tiber—metaphorically
speaking—with his tail between his legs.

Mr. Stread's third great project was the
legislative independence of Ireland. He
would forthwith secure a parliament in
College Green, or he would perish in the
attempt! It was, he said, an innate love
of justice, as well as a solid affection for
the Irish people that induced him, an
Anglo-Saxon, to make such a resolve,
worthy as it was of the most chivalrous
of the belted knights of the Middle Ages.
Mr. Stread was bespattered with fulsome
praise by certain Irish journals because
he was thought to be one of the most
earnest and devoted advocates of that
"union of hearts and hands" on which
so much silly and maudlin sentiment-
ality has been expended for some
years past. Mr. Stread's sincerity may
be now gauged by his latest attitude.
He has, it appears, just thrown the
Home Rule question completely over-
board, and advises the Gladstonians to
adopt a Labor programme solely to put
before the British constituencies at the
forthcoming elections.

Mr. Stread is a genuine type of the
Anglo-Saxon lover of Ireland. THE CITI-
ZEN has never put any faith in the pro-
testations of friendship for Ireland in
which so many English Liberals were
habitually so fond of indulging. The devil
could be trusted sooner with the salvation
of souls than could English Whiggery
with the cause of Irish freedom. There
is already a "cave" in the Liberal camp on
the Irish question. Sir William Vernon
Harcourt and many of his colleagues are
preparing to abandon all further pretense
of restoring an Irish legislature. So much
for this canting hypocritical union of
hearts and hands. It is about time that
the blatant sham should be dead and
damned.

Aristocratic London, which boasts of
being the most rigid censor of vices, is
not evidently practicing what it preaches.
Jack the Ripper brutalities continue in
Whitechapel with as much impunity as
ever, and now scandal mongers have such
dainty dishes before them as one of the
Prince of Wales' "set" cheating at cards,
and sundry other turpitudes too numerous
to mention. It is the old story of the mote
and the beam over again. British moral-
ists, covered as they are with ulcerathem-
selves, pliously reprobate the sores of
others, and thank the Lord their God that
they are not as are other men. The race
of the Pariahs is evidently not yet ex-
tinct in the vicinity of Temple Bar.

The blue blood of London is true to its
color and corrupt traditions. Mephisto-
philes had it that the society where most
vice predominates is invariably the most
polite. Was it not the same authority who
asserted that that which we call the "better
blood" makes the worst person, and as
for the "best" satan himself would blush
for it!

Several of our Chicago contemporaries
have accused the French people of a want
of gallantry towards the dowager empress
of Germany. And yet the fact is that their
attitude to that lady was nothing if not
respectful. A few cranks, headed by Paul
Deroulede and one or two other sore-
heads represented as little the people of
Paris as the so called Patriotic Sons of
America represent the land of Washing-
ton and Grant, or Sherman and of Sheri-
dan. Would our press colleagues please
remember that one or two swallows never
make a summer?

M. de Blowitz, the Paris correspondent
of the London Times, a gentleman whose
pro-German proclivities are well known,
makes the following important admission
in describing the dowager's reception in
Paris: "The attitude of the people of Paris
was admirable from beginning to end.
They were quiet, reserved, and respect-
ful." How does this statement tally with
the charge of want of gallantry brought
against Parisians by our ultra imaginative
colleagues of the Chicago daily press?

Mr. Parnell's prediction at Navan last
Sunday that the Royal Meath of today
will be the Republican Meath of tomorrow
proves that the Irish parliamentary leader
is a Republican at heart. THE CITIZEN is
glad to observe that Mr. Parnell is mak-
ing rapid progress in his political views
and education.

The O'Donnell & Dear Bavarian Brewing
company.

In the list of new corporations pub-
lished a few days ago it was noticed that
the above corporation had enlarged its
capital to \$350,000. The company intend
remodeling their establishment, located on
the corner of Fortieth and Wallace sts.,
and will place therein an entire new plant,
including the latest inventions and im-
provements in machinery. The gentle-
men incorporating the firm are P. F.
O'Donnell, Charles Duer and J. H. Howe,
all known to the public for their business
qualifications and financial integrity. The
firm will carry on the brewing and bot-
tling of malt liquors, and with such strong
combination the greatest success is pre-
dicted.

"REMEMBER EMMET."

The Irish of Chicago Meet in Their
Thousands to Honor the Memory
of the Martyr and
the Hero

An Elloquent and Learned Address by the
Hon. Marcus Kavanaugh.

Wednesday night Central Music Hall
was crowded by the sons and daughters of
old Ireland, the occasion being the cele-
bration of the 113th anniversary of Robert
Emmet's birthday. The stage was deco-
rated with an oil painting of Emmet,
which was flanked by the Stars and Stripes
and the flag of the Ancient Order of
Hibernians. Under these were seated the
committee on arrangements and the
officers of the several Irish societies.

On the stage sat J. J. Fitzgibbon, M. J.
Kelley, J. J. Mahoney, William McCoy,
John S. Mullen, Commissioner Fleming,
John J. McKenna, John Lillis, Arthur
McCune, W. M. J. Jordan, Alderman
Powers, Frank Higgins, Matthew Lamb,
Martin Mulcahy, Patrick Boyle, Daniel
Corkery, William Hogan, Frank Hardin,
J. F. O'Connor, Owen Murray, and
Michael D. Dominick O'Brien.

The exercises commenced with a selec-
tion of Irish airs on the organ. Matthew
P. Brady was announced on the pro-
gramme as chairman, but in his unavoid-
able absence through illness Daniel
O'Connor introduced M. J. Kean as pre-
siding officer. Mr. Kean said the meeting
was joining with the Irish race the world
over in celebrating the memory of Ire-
land's most illustrious patriot. The Irish
of Chicago were always willing to give
numerical and financial proof of their love
for their native land. There may be local
bickerings and differences, but when they
were brought face to face with their coun-
try's cause, they recognized that men may
come and men may go, but Ireland's
cause goes on forever. The constitutional
agitation might go on as long as the agi-
tators pleased, but the hearts of the Irish
people of Chicago were with the rebels of
1798 and with the cause which they loved
and for which they bled. Mr. Kean be-
lieved that Ireland would be yet free and
independent to the full extent of Emmet's
aspirations. It would be no half way bar-
gain, but would be an independence
which would show that Emmet did not
live and die in vain.

Mrs. Mamie McKay next sang the "Star
Spangled Banner," after which "Dwyer,
the Outlaw," a recitation, was rendered by
a little girl named May Sexton.

HON. KAVANAUGH'S SPEECH.

The Hon. Marcus Kavanaugh, who was
received with cheers, spoke as follows:
Caryle says that the history of a nation
is but a biography of its great men. So,
the great men of a nation mark the high
tide of its intellectual power and the possi-
bilities of its genius; they illustrate for
their epoch, the trend of national endeavor
and emphasize the character of their peo-
ple. Their lives are frequently a sugges-
tion of their country's history and a prop-
hecy of the future. Indeed the prophets
did not disappear when Malachi was laid
to rest, nor did direct inspiration cease
when the Evangelists departed. At every
great crisis in every land the Almighty
touches, with tongue of fire, some creature
of His hand and lo! there stands a teacher
and a prophet. A mark of this divine
favor is that he shall be oppressed and a
sign without which their is no commis-
sion reads that he shall suffer, for the
world has earnest reverence for sorrow
and knows that he who speaks to suffer
for his words speaks truly. We may kill
another for his thought, but when we de-
stroy the man we make the thought im-
mortal. Recognizing these truths, Ireland
claims no higher proof for the justice of
her cause than the lives of her illustrious
men and the blood of her martyrs. In the
splendor of their utterances and the glory
of their endeavor, what land in all the seas
can claim a richer heritage? We may not
lose the path to freedom, for out of the
storms of seven centuries above the wreck
of a thousand hopes, the fires they lighted
gleam down upon us and illumine the
way before. From the battlefield and from
the gallows tree, the noble, the peasant,
the priest and layman, from every class
and every creed, they call to us. Where
there is a record of heroic endeavor to equal
Irish history? Upon this day's anniversary
is it vainglorious to ask the question?
Beates, struggle after struggle, the best
blood of the land crimsoned the gibbet,
and the plain, the robber, the slaver, and
the slanders passing current, friendless and
poor, all was torn from them except the
hope for freedom. The Irish boy has seen
his father's lifeless form swinging from
the rooftop of his burning home, and
catching up that father's sword has fled
into the darkness. Sometimes he grew
to be high in power, as the Earl of Tyrone
and Tyrconnel. Sometimes an "outlaw,"
hiding in the mountains like Michael
Dwyer but always hoping and ever wait-
ing. At last, some night when the sentry
slept and the city was silent, he and his
followers, with a shout from each heart
and a soul in each life, were upon them.
He fought his brief fight and then went to
the death his father had died. Glad to
strike one free blow, he blesses his coun-
try from the scaffold and sends a message
down to us as from a throne. His death
but prolonged the struggle, for in it was
the proof that God had spoken to him,
bade him not despair for his country, but
to fight on. So intense has been this con-
test for freedom, so long has it ensued,
that it has left its trace in many ways
upon the Irish character. The great men
of that race illustrate it forcibly at home
and abroad.

Love for country, for the motherland
and for the land of their adoption, may
indeed be said to be the prominent na-
tional characteristics. When after the
Treaty of Limerick, the Irish soldiery
scattered into other lands, they preserved
the home memories, sacred with their
hearts, but failed not in their duty to the
new allegiance. They planted the banners
of Castle upon the battlements of Ciudad
Rodrigo; they bore the Eagles of Austria
in triumph against the great Frederick,
and carried the fleur de lis in glory from
the plains of Fontenoy and piled their

lifeless bodies about it as a rampart at Toulon. To every land which has given the Irishman shelter he has paid the full debt of his gratitude in time of danger, whether he marched behind Dillon in France or rode with gallant Phil Sheridan down the valley of the Shenandoah. But neither sire nor son, whether in victory or misfortune, forgot the sorrows in the old land nor let his love perish from their hearts. Barfield, the banished Earl of Lucan, dying before London, sees the British flag in full retreat, hears the triumphant cries of his exiled countrymen, looks upon the life blood ebbing from his side and whispers with his dying breath, "O God, that this were for Ireland." And in whatever land he fights, under whatever flag he dies, through the Irish soldier's soul, those words are echoing. Are the memories thus cherished proof of disloyalty to the flag under which they served? If so, the proper test for the sincerity of a new friendship is the alacrity with which one throws it off.

It is insisted by some about us, mostly men who in time of peace seek for danger, and who in time of danger pray for safety, that of foreign bias or foreign descent, shall suffice our affection for the land of our fathers or be considered disloyal here. Let it be understood also that our race will accept no dictation upon this question. It has earned with its hands, paid for with its blood, the full right of citizenship we possess it free and without condition. We are part of the country, blended into its history and bound inextricably with its destiny. A sure sign of a little mind is to hate a man because of his race, or because of the manner in which he chooses to worship God. We need not, however, consider the men who make these objections. They are not in harmony with the great body of the American nation. In this nation bigotry and prejudice can have no firm abiding place. We look about us and the hands we grasp in friendship rock the cradle of liberty; in the greatest struggle for human freedom the world ever saw they bore a sword; 150,000 men born in the mother land marched with them; 100,000 more of Irish blood, a quarter of a million in all, slept beside the same campfires, shared their privations and carried with them the banner of our common country past the smoking rifle pits through the storm of grape and canister up to the blazing mounds of the cannon, and tonight the bones of thousands of our race are mingling with the dust of the land they loved so well and died to defend. Then to justify this meeting tonight, we need only point to the figure of one man riding down the road to Winchester. To answer every charge of disloyalty it is only necessary to show the form of one poor Irish soldier; his musket in his clenched hands, lying with white face and sightless eyes, under the ramparts of Dunsinon.

So with full loyalty and affection for this, the land of my birth, the land to which we all owe the first and highest duty, I invite your attention to one of the many heroic figures which adorn and illuminate the annals of Ireland. Of all the scholars, statesmen, soldiers and men of genius of our race, the birth of one only is commemorated, and he, when little more than a boy was called upon to mount the scaffold. The place he left, the efforts he expended, failed ignominiously and yet from every part of the world tonight, his people turn their tearful eyes towards his nameless grave in St. Michael's churchyard, recalling his name with greater affection than that bestowed upon any other. For one brief season—but a few months—he stood before the world and yet his memory is immortal. Let us for a few minutes recall some bits of his life and his career.

Robert Emmet was born March 4, 1778. In youth he gave promise of a career which distinguished his family. His father was a physician to the city of Dublin, noted for his talent and his piety. His brothers were possessed of the same spirit which animated him and endowed with some touch of the genius of Thomas Addis Emmet in his exalted position as a permanent member, and made for himself a place at the American bar first among its leaders. But Robert's earnestness characterized Robert Emmet's youth. From childhood one passion dominated every thought, controlled every action. The desire for the freedom of his country. The allurements of pleasure never for a moment turned him from his high purpose. The books of a scholar's hour were treasures upon the shelves of his room. He journeyed upon the continent, but it was to study the fortifications of different towns, and the military systems of the different countries. Boy though he was, his speech at the University betrayed a precocity of his genius and attracted general attention. Because of his treasonable utterances he was expelled from the college. Even then he was an organizer and a conspirator. That subtle flame which attracts men but which cannot be explained, gathered about him always a circle of devoted friends. In 1798 the rebellion of the United Irishmen broke forth. Thomas Addis, his brother, one of the leaders of the insurrection, escaped to France.

English historians are fond of painting the horrors of the French revolution. Considering the size of the two countries, the atrocities which followed the insurrection of 1798 were ten times more barbarous than those consequent upon the downfall of the Empire. The republic decreed the death of many innocent persons, but it never sanctioned the torture of its victims. Torture of the survivors of the insurrection of 1798 was not only sanctioned in many instances, but directed by members of the Irish government.

The gibbet was erected at every cross road, and the life of every Irishman was at the mercy of the lowest wretch, who through malice or cupidity, desired his destruction. It would be impossible to make a record of the victims, and it is unnecessary. We need no such spur. Never since Irishmen saw the white sails of the French fleet fade down the Bay of Limerick, bearing into eternal exile the bravest and the best of their race, was there such despondency in Ireland. Utterly crushed and spirit broken, it seemed that the people were incapable of further sacrifice. During six hundred years there never seemed so complete a subjugation of the people. The greatest men of their history had just perished on the scaffold; others who had been leaders were now in exile. The scourge, the fire, the sword, were everywhere. It was with this people and with these conditions young Emmet began the work of liberation. At this time the government was paying fabulous sums to men of any position or talent to join it in parliament. Castlereagh was preparing for the grand coup which was to result in the Act of Union. Money, titles, nobility, and everything which could tempt avarice or ambition was held before Irishmen of position or talent.

To young Emmet there were few positions to which he might not aspire. Upon

the one hand lay wealth, honor, fame. Upon the other stood danger, difficulties, maybe death. Against his country contended all the power of the greatest empire on earth. Her friends were in exile or in despair. He did not hesitate. His soul rose above temptation, and his indomitable will scorned the danger. One temptation stronger than all these came to him and tried his young soul as though by fire. A woman's presence one day came into his life. She was beautiful, good and wise—Sarah, the daughter of Curran. Two kindred souls out of all the earth met face to face and he loved her. So strong a hold did she take upon his mind that for a short time he indulged his affection, and it was only after he found that his affection was returned that with a mighty effort he cast it aside and turned to the fulfillment of his mission. From this time on his life was absorbed in the scheme for Irish independence. After laying the foundation of the conspiracy at home, he went to France and attempted to obtain aid from Napoleon. He put no trust, however, in the promises made by Talleyrand, and in 1803 returned to Ireland. The months which followed were of ceaseless activity and preparation. He opened up communications by which he was made aware of every act and project of the authorities.

The plan of insurrection adopted by Emmet in 1803 is generally misunderstood and underrated. I think it is the ablest plot in all the list of conspiracies against established governments. Scores of revolutions have been successful not so well designed. It was, in my judgment, superior far to the plan adopted by the United Irishmen, and that it failed was because of the one weakness in the character of Emmet, a weakness which sprang entirely from the nobility of his nature. He trusted too fully those whom he took into his confidence. Money had so little power over him that he underrated its influence over others. The United Irishmen spent four years in organizing the people. Emmet spent four months. The organization of the United Irishmen contained 500,000 men. Emmet's men numbered about 2,000. He believed, and rightly too, that the people could be relied upon without organization, and that it was impossible to conduct secret operations with such a vast number of people implicated. He had noted that the most successful revolutions began at the capital. He believed that if he could capture Dublin and hold it for a week, that more men could be obtained than would be necessary to completely overthrow the government. With the capture of Dublin Castle, there would fall into his hands, arms and military stores sufficient to equip an army. Great Britain was on the eve of another desperate struggle with Napoleon. Every man she could spare under the circumstances had been withdrawn from Ireland, and a few thousand troops were in Dublin, and these were scattered so as not to be available at any given point. Dublin castle once captured, there would come aid enough from Dublin alone to hold the city for weeks. In the meantime the provinces would rise and victory was certain. A plan of attack and defense was prepared by Emmet, which evidences a knowledge of military affairs hardly conceivable in one who had never seen active service. So prudent was he and so careful of the interests of his countrymen, that even in the event of failure he had planned not to injure them. Catholic emancipation was then being discussed in the Irish parliament with some hope for its consummation. "One grand point at least, will be gained," wrote Emmet, in reference to the leaders of the insurrection, "no Catholic is committed to us, we are all Protestants, and their course will not be compromised." He had also at this time, drawn up in detail a system of government to be put in immediate operation in the event of success. Remember at this time he was not thirty six years of age. The men with whom the revolution was to be accomplished were to come from Kildare, Wick, Wexford, and from within a radius of a few miles about the city of Dublin. But a few hundred were from Dublin city. Each division could reach Dublin within an hour.

He desired that the attack be made late in the fall, after the commencement of the war with France. This portion of his plan was overruled, and the 23rd day of July, 1803, was fixed upon as the time for the rising. So secretly were the preparations carried on, that it was certain the government had no knowledge of the impending outbreak, until a few days previous. The morning of the 23rd day the men were ready, and the victory was more than probable. Victor Hugo points out that the night before Waterloo Napoleon was master of the situation. Ney had driven to the left of the Prussian army. The main reliance of the Emperor was on his artillery. Austereitz, Jena, Marengo and Wagram were, for the most part, great artillery duels. At the moment when it seemed no power on earth could take from him a dominion beyond the hope of an Alexander, the clouds gathered, the rain fell in torrents. The next day when the battle opened the heavy guns could not be moved, and the artillery was powerless. The conflict was not decided, however, thus. All day long the tide of battle wavered; at last, Wellington withdrew from Mt. St. Jean. The center of the allied forces was being forced backward. One swift charge and the allied army would have been cut in two. Napoleon sends a messenger to Paris to announce the victory. He bends down in his saddle and questioned the peasant at his side. The fate of Europe depends upon a peasant's nod. Satisfied with the answer, the Curriers were ordered up to clear the plateau. They dash up the hill, are engulfed in the smoke of the cannon, and are decimated. Again, the Spanish armada spreads its sails and turns its bows to the west. The combined fleets of the world cannot stay its progress. The dominion of the Spaniards is assured, but again the clouds gather, the wind springs down the channel, and the great ships fly helplessly about and idly too, as the gale scatters leaves in the forest. These things were not accidents; strictly speaking there are no accidents, it was God.

Once at least in every century has come to the Irish people a chance for freedom. Two days after the Treaty of Limerick was signed, the French fleet dropped anchor in Limerick bay. The forces of William, worn by privation and pestilence, could have been swept into the sea. But the Irish soldiery dashed from their lips the halcyon in which freedom and dishonor mingled, and a people went into exile—went to win under foreign flags the fame and fortune denied them at home. In 1780 Great Britain could not spare a man to guard her coast. Then sprung into existence the Irish volunteers. Two years later, complete separation from England could have been accomplished with-

out shedding one drop of human blood. Some strange fatality has worked against the Irish people at every crisis and the marvel is that the race has not given up the contest, or let the Wolfe Tone despair of divine justice and denied its existence.

The morning of the 23rd day of July shone upon the plan of revolution in fruition. Emmet and his followers, nerved for desperate struggle but animated by the brightest hopes—hopes that before evening vanished like frost before the sun. The day brought with it such a train of disaster and treachery that we turn heart sick from the spectacle. The attack was to have been made at night. At noon the men from Kildare reached Dublin and wandered in squads about the city. There was every reason to believe that the government did not fully understand its danger until the night before. The men from Wicklow and Wexford were not to reach the city until nightfall. The sun had hardly disappeared when the tidings of the first disaster reached Emmet. The Kildare men had been sent home in the evening with the information that the attack had been postponed. It was then evident that treachery was at work, but the full misfortune was not realized until tidings came that the same word had been sent in Emmet's name to Wicklow and Wexford. Only eighty men were gathered with Emmet at the Patrick street depot. Close upon the heels of these bad tidings a messenger, evidently a spy, rushed in and shouted that the army was coming. "Then," answered Emmet, "let us go out in the street and die with swords in our hands."

What followed is a matter of common knowledge. In the painful and humiliating events of the succeeding hour, the character of Emmet took on new dignity. After the dispersal of his followers, by a miracle he escaped to the mountains. Opportunities for flight were presented to which he gave a half-hearted assent. But the dream of his life was over. His spirit was broken. He rather courted death than shunned it. On the 25th day of August, bleeding and half insensible from his wounds, he was carried to Kilmineham prison. The morning of Sept. 19, 1803, the court crowded to its utmost capacity, was hushed into solemn stillness when Robert Emmet, heavily manacled, stepped into the dock. There was no hope for him; but proud and beautiful the young face shone above the horde which had determined upon his destruction. The man upon his limbs was so arranged that the sun cut through his hair and reached the bones, but all day long he stood there with no sign upon his face save of the scorn which filled his soul. There were no pauses, no adjournments, the trial was hurried through. At 9 o'clock at night the jury, without leaving their places returned a verdict of guilty. This then was the end. He who had hoped to march past this very place hailed as his country's deliverer, must now like a murderer be dragged on to his death. All the promise of his life, the bright dreams of youth, all the hopes of his manhood found their compass and were bound around by the hangman's noose. The memories of other days, of those whom he loved, must have surged upward from his heart to blind his eyes, but unmoved as the statue about him, he heard the words of Lord Norbury, "Prisoner at the bar, what have you to say why judgment should not be pronounced upon you according to law?"

If Emmet had been killed in the streets that July night, if he had not escaped to France, if he had been beaten him to death upon his capture; if the government had accepted his offer to plead guilty and take his sentence without speaking, upon condition that they would not deliver up his letters to Miss O'Connor, if any cause up to that moment had intervened to prevent that moment, the life of Emmet would have been a different one, and his memory would have been a different one.

You have seen the spot stand before his unfinished picture where light and shadow obscurely mingle, the figures crouch dimly behind the colors. Then, the subtle thought wends from the artist's brush and touches the canvas a glimmer of light here or a touch of shadow there—and instantly the landscape peeps out before you and the picture glows with beauty. There was a moment's pause, the proud eyes beamed, that firm voice broke the silence. Never again while men love freedom and reverence honor shall it be still. Not to the brutal judge or curious crowd it spoke, but to every land and every generation. No plea for mercy, no hope for pardon in its tones; only the voice of one inspired uttering in words of fire its message to the ages. They tried to stifle its utterance, to cow it into silence, but before the power of that master soul, they shrunk at last defeated and abashed. An arraignment, as solemn as though an angel of God stood before them, a prophecy as earnest as when Daniel read in blazing letters to the king, a message of courage and of love to the other men in other times who would write his epitaph. "Till my country takes her place among the nations of the earth," he said, "then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written." Then the mission was ended, the story was told. The next day George the Third, King of England, lay in his darkened sick chamber. Gold and purple trappings were around him, noble courtiers bent low in his presence and his word carried with it the right of life and death. But the shadow of a greater king had fallen across his threshold. Blindness and imbecility, its two messengers, sat night and day at his side. The old man, worn with vice, despised by the world, hated by his own blood, shrunk cowering from his threatened fate. At the same moment a young man, strong and brave, stood upon a scaffolding made of barrels and rough planks in the open street.

Above the house tops around he can see the clear blue sky. The fountains are playing in the park, the voices of children come up to him from the street beyond. "Are you ready, Mr. Emmet?" asks the executioner. "Not yet," he answers—a supplication to heaven for his country. "Are you ready, sir?" "Not yet," he answers—a prayer for the girl he loves. Then the great eyes flash upon the crowd below. "Now," he cries. And while the triumphal hymn of the angels breaks in welcome upon his enraptured ears while amid the music of a million harps and the flash of ten thousand wings the glory of heaven bursts upon his ecstatic soul the executioner holds aloft his severed head and shouts to the multitude "Fate is the head of a traitor, Robert Emmet. God save the king."

That king and this felon were the symbols of two antagonistic thoughts. Posterity has determined which was good and which was bad. Who cares where rest the ashes of George the Third? To that lonely grave in St. Michael's church-

yard, the thoughts of millions go tonight as to a shrine and lay such tribute there as shames the proudest sarcophagus in Westminster Abbey. For great deeds never die, the gallows tree may be a holy place and power may sweep from it farther than from the couch of kings.

"Right forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne; But the scaffold rules the future and behind the dim unknown, Standeth God within the portal keeping watch above His own."

Considering the scenes and scenes of years which have passed the myriads of men and women who have and will yet encumber the earth, the life of one man counts for but little. As the sage said: "Like a bird is life which at night flies in through the open window of a banquet hall and cuts cut into the darkness upon the other side." Nor does the world account for much, the hurt of dying. "To feel for an instant the fog in your throat and the mist in your face" is but a drop in that measureless sea of pain, whose earliest ebb touches the shores of creation day and whose billows in flow dash against the shore of the judgment morning. But a man of genius is the most priceless treasure heaven gives to humanity. The world could forget, even perhaps forgive, the wrong done the individual, but never till the book of time be closed will history cease to hold responsible the British government for the genius it has destroyed. We may regret the failure of Emmet's plans, but after that we have no pity for his fate. A few years more of breath would have meant but so much time of suffering and regret. He died the death fittest to crown his life, nobler a thousand times than pardon or escape. For those who survived, for all the nameless ones he tried to succor we sorrow, not for him. For what should we mourn? For the prostrate tree that sheltered the young green wood? For the fallen cliff which frowned the sea and guarded its fields from the flood? For the eagle that died in the tempest afar from its native brood? No, not for these shall we weep, for the silver chord must be worn, And the golden fillet struck back at last and earth to its dust return. And tears are never for those who fall with their face to the duty done; But we mourn the flagships left in the blast and fields where the wild waves run.

During his address the speaker was heartily applauded. After a violin solo by Masters Looney and O'Connor, the "Bells of Shanodon," Father Prout's famous poem, was recited by Miss Alice Higgins.

When some further songs and recitations had been rendered, an address was read embodying the sentiments of the gathering. The following was its principal paragraph: "Whatever distractions may temporarily divide the Irish people, the great majority of them sincerely hope for their native country's liberation from the yoke of English despotism, and are willing to labor for that end, so that Ireland may achieve that position among the nations for which Emmet gave up his life. Union, toleration, zeal, and perseverance can not fail to bring Ireland out from under the long lingering clouds of adversity into the broad sunlight of political redemption. It is in this spirit and on these lines we assemble, to join with our kindred, wherever placed, in doing honor to the memory of the noble youth who died that his country might live."

"God Save Ireland" was sung as a final by J. J. Phelan, the large audience standing and joining in the refrain, after which the meeting terminated.

"The Gaelic Journal."

The thirty-seventh number of the Dublin Gaelic Journal has reached us. It is a very interesting issue, and contains many Gaelic pieces from old manuscripts that were never before printed. If it were not for the abundance of typographical errors the periodical contains, it would be one of the most interesting publications of its kind extant. It is simply a shame and a scandal that such a publication is not more correctly printed. With the exceptions of the poem by Keating, transcribed by Father O'Grady, and the story from the "Book of Lecan," contributed by Mr. Kuno Meyer, there is hardly a Gaelic piece in the whole issue, which, on account of typographical errors, omissions of accents, barbarisms and general incorrectness of language, is intelligible to any one but a master of Gaelic. It is nonsense for those who publish the Gaelic Journal to blame the Irish public for not giving it better support. Let them first print it correctly, and then if it is not supported, they shall have just cause of complaint. For the first year or two of its existence, when Mr. D. Conyn was its editor, it was well and carefully printed. It is to be hoped that those at its head will see the necessity of being more careful in the future about the printing.

OBITUARY.

MR. EDWARD M. QUAIL.

Mr. Edward McQuaid, formerly of this city, died suddenly at Lexington, Ky., on the morning of the 5th inst. He leaves a widow and six or seven children to mourn his untimely death, for he was not much more than 50 years of age. Mr. McQuaid was born near Bruff, in the county Limerick, Ireland, and came to this country about forty years ago. He was for many years a partner in the wholesale liquor house of Schwab & McQuaid, in this city. He went into business for himself some ten or eleven years ago, but like many other wholesale liquor merchants, the reaction in the whisky trade that set in in 1882 caused him to lose a good deal of money, and he suspended business a short time after. For the last six or eight years he had made his home in K-stucky, of which state his wife is a native. Few business men ever lived in Chicago better known than Mr. McQuaid, and it may safely be added that few business men had a larger circle of warm friends. He was open handed and liberal almost to a fault, and no fellow countryman of his in distress ever appealed to him in vain. Had he not had the ill luck to go into business at the unfortunate time he did, he would be now wealthy, and probably alive and well. It was his business reverses that shortened his days. The remains will be interred in Lexington, Ky. If the funeral had taken place in Chicago it would have been one of the largest that ever entered Calvary cemetery, for Mr. McQuaid had a host of friends in this city, where he had lived so long and where he was so well known and loved.

MR. CHARLES O'CONNOR.

We regret to have to record the death on the 4th inst., of Mr. Charles O'Connor, at his residence, No. 500 Marshallfield avenue. Mr. O'Connor, who was formerly a resident of Springfield, Ill., was born in Charleville, county Cork, Ireland, and had reached the patriarchal age of 95. Mr. O'Connor's remains were buried in Springfield.

H.R. EAGLE

MARCH WINDS

WILL BLOW YOU THESE BARGAINS.

Les & Perrins' Sauce, pints.....	38 cents
Les & Perrins' Sauce, half pints.....	20 cents
Rising Sun Stove Polish, per package.....	3 1/2 cents
1 lb cans Alaska Salmon for.....	9 cents
A 10 lb pail Extra Family Mackerel.....	\$1.14
A 10 lb Pail Pure Fruit Jelly for.....	75 cents
Swift & Co's Best California Hams, per lb.....	6 1/2 cents
1 lb package Mixed Bird Seed for.....	2 1/2 cents
A 3 lb can Solid Meat Tomatoes for.....	8 cents
1 lb package best Corn Starch for.....	6 cents
1 lb package Pearlina for.....	9 cents
Carolina Head Rice, per pound.....	5 cents
1 lb package Imported Macaroni for.....	9 cents
A 3 lb can California Table Peaches for.....	18 cents
A 1 lb wood box Rob Roy Smoking Tobacco for.....	23 cents
1 lb cloth bag Golden West Smoking Tobacco for.....	19 cents
A 3 lb can Sweet Wild Blackberries for.....	17 cents
Ko-K-Loe Washing Powder, per package.....	3 cents
Fard Dates, per pound.....	5 cents
Prepared Mustard, put up in cut glass Frappe Glasses, each.....	7 cents
A 3 lb can California Greenegages for.....	12 1/2 cents
A 3 lb can California Peaches for.....	18 cents
California Dried Peas, per pound.....	10 cents
Extra Preserved Apples, in glass jars, worth 75 cents each, our price.....	39 cents

FOR LENT.

We sell only the best quality of Fish obtainable. Cheaper Fish can be had, but we would rather give you the best.

33 lbs Whole Codfish for.....	\$1.00
A 15 lb pail Family Whitefish for.....	59 cents
A 15 lb pail Gibbed Herring for.....	59 cents
A 15 lb pail Split Herring for.....	75 cents
A 15 lb pail Small No. 3 Mackerel for.....	\$1.00
A 15 lb pail Large Family Mackerel for.....	\$1.58
A 15 lb pail Genuine Imported Irish Mackerel, large, fat, good-colored Fish.....	\$1.75
A 15 lb pail No. 1 Lake Trout for.....	98 cents
A 15 lb pail Large No. 1 Whitefish for.....	\$1.19
A 15 lb pail California Blood-Red Salmon for.....	\$1.00
Imported Holland Herring, per keg.....	98 cents
A 3 lb tin Mackerel prepared in mustard (this is very fine eating), per can.....	25 cents



H. R. Eagle & Co.'s "Best" Minnesota Pat. Flour, pr brl.....\$5.68

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Golden Rod Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl.....\$4.98

Diamond Medal Patent Flour, per brl.....\$5.28

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl.....\$4.88

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries.....	12 1/2	\$1.50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries.....	19	2 20
3 lb cans Table Peaches.....	20	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches.....	27	3 10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums.....	17	2 00
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums.....	17	2 00
3 lb cans California Green Apples.....	12 1/2	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots.....	18	2 40
3 lb cans Sliced Pineapples.....	15	1 50
3 lb cans Gooseberries.....	12	1 30

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans California Salmon.....	10c	\$1.15
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon.....	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks.....	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters.....	21c	2 40
2 lb cans Cove Oysters.....	19c	1 98
2 lb cans Cove Oysters.....	19c	2 20
American Sardines in oil.....	5c	55
Mustard Sardines, large cans.....	10c	1 05
Imported Sardines in oil.....	13c	1 35
1 lb cans Mackerel.....	10c	1 10

TEAS--Japans.

A Good Japan, per lb.....	25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per lb.....	35 cents
A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb.....	50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb.....	35 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb.....	35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb.....	50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb.....	25 cents
A Myone Gunpowder, per lb.....	35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Myone Gunpowder, per lb.....	50 cents

COFFEES.

6 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for.....	\$1.00
5 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for.....	1.00
4 pounds After Dinner Java, for.....	1.00
Good Green Rio Coffee, per lb.....	20c

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

SIR CUPID.

Sir Cupid once, as I have heard,
Determined to discover
What kind of a man a maid preferred
Selecting for a lover.
So, putting on a soldier's coat,
He talked of martial glory;
And from the way he talked, they say,
She seemed to like—the story!

Then, with a smile sedate and grim,
He changed his style and station;
In shaven hair and clerical trim
He made his visitation.
He talked of this, discoursed on that,
Of Palestine and Hermon;
And from the way he preached, they say,
She seemed to like—the sermon!

Then changed again, he came to her
A roaring, rattling sailor;
He cried, "Ho, ho! I love you so!"
And vowed he'd never fall her.
He talked of star and compass true,
The glories of the ocean,
And from the way he sang, they say,
She seemed to like—the notion!

Then Cupid, puzzled in his mind,
Discarded his disguises,
"That you no preference seem to find,
My fancy much surprises."
"Why so?" she cried, with roguish smile,
"Why, prithee, why so stupid?
So long as you are—Cupid!"
Frederic E. Weatherly in Temple Bar.

DECEPTIONS.

When, before the altar, the priest asked her, "Are you content?" it was with all her soul Gemma had responded, "Yes!"

Oh, yes; she was content indeed. Through the cloud of costly lace which enveloped her in its snowy transparency she saw the vast church all dotted with lights, resplendent in the dark gleam of mosaics upon golden backgrounds, animated by the slight movement of the very elegant crowd that filled it, lighted by oblique rays descending from the nave, all a glitter of gold, silks and brilliants, and it was her own future that she seemed to see—the years of luxury and wealth which her rich marriage was preparing for her. And had it not been the dream for which she sighed? She, the ideal blonde, of 18 years, with the tall and proud figure; the pure, disdainful profile under heavy curls like those of an archangel, with haughty eyes sparkling like blue gems under the golden fringes of her long eye-lashes.

She had been for a long time a poor girl, the daughter of citizens who had seen better days, that marvelous human fly. She had experienced all the petty troubles, all the cruel daily sufferings of misery that conceals itself. The poor and inelegant gowns, painfully remodeled every year; the insolence of creditors; humiliations; continual and tormenting thoughts of money—she had experienced them all, and in her little heart, eager for pleasure and enjoyment, swollen with unsatisfied longings, a dream was arisen little by little, occupying all the room, rendering her insensible to all the rest—the dream of at last becoming rich.

She wanted it, absolutely; she was born for it; she was rich now. That "yes," which she had just pronounced, had, by its three magic letters, changed her destiny; and she was so content, so happy, that it appeared to her it was all a dream, that her Mechin veil was a cloud that transported her into the realms of the impossible, across a sidereal heaven, of which the diamond pins thrust among her laces formed the flaming stars; and, in order to return to reality, she must cast her eyes toward her husband, Luigi Marchis, kneeling beside her in the mystic, velvety shade of the altar, lit by the tremulous brightness of the candles.

Ah, there was nothing ideal about him, poor fellow! As a man he straightened his correct person of an elegant man, with his accurately shaven face, with slender brown mustache, and a still fresher color that gave him something the look of an actor; he remained none the less old, with his powerful shoulders a little bent, with his eyelids grown heavy, and crow's feet toward his temples, with the gray locks that appeared here and there among his brown hair, with his forty-seven years, of which the weariness was more conspicuous beside that radiant and blonde spring.

Forty-seven years! How was it possible? He felt his heart so palpitating, full of tears as in youth! And he could not comprehend how so much time had passed; he could not persuade himself of the incredible fact—forty-seven years passed without knowing Gemma.

For they had been acquainted with each other only two months. Marchis, however much he had frequented society, drawn there by his banking connections, had never let himself be talked to of marriage. What! A wife, children, troubles, cares, disappointments! Not even by idea!

And at 47 years one evening, present from motives of curiosity at a ball to which the employees of his bank had invited him, he must needs be smitten by the exquisite, vaporous grace of that blonde girl, dressed simply in white, entering on the arm of a funny little man with a baby face and a big, silvery beard—her father, a modest clerk in the bank; a rather ridiculous little old man, who, beside that divine apparition, slender in her robes of snow, made one think of the gnomes of folk tales, always crouching at the feet of fairies.

Ah, weakness of hearts growing old! That apparition was enough to shake all the ideas of Luigi Marchis concerning matrimony, and as the old gnome, despite his absolute nullity, was an honest citizen, incapable of resisting the assiduous of the director to his pretty daughter, the suitor had been greatly pleased with the consent of that little maiden of 18, that celestial creature, that blonde being, to become his wife. Now he trembled with joy. His eyes were misty with vivid emotion—yet perceiving that that, too, was a sign of old age—and it was a voice choked with joy that to the question of the priest, "Are you content?" replied, "Oh, yes!"

Now it is done. United, forever united. Having arisen to their feet, she with an elegant and light impulse, like a lily wind lifted on its stem, he with a little

effort and difficulty, wearied by emotion, they go down from the altar arm in arm. Now they pass through the church amid the murmurs of compliments which arise amid the shadows of the aisles, among the dull scraping of feet and the rustle of gowns; then on the peristyle, among the white columns, is a living wave of sun and air which comes to meet them, like a recall to real life outside of the mystic dream of the church, the creaking of the line of carriages that advanced, the slow descent of the steps, with the white train of the bride spreading and dragging upon the stairs in folds like snow, soft and light; then the carriages depart; they are alone for the first time in the narrow space of the carriage, which the bridal dress fills with its whiteness, and the bouquet of orange blossoms with its acute perfume of intoxicating virginity; it is then that, conquered by the charm of that face, so delicate and proud amid its large pallid curls, by the splendor of those blue eyes, the elderly bridegroom bends over her to kiss her.

"Dear me, dear me."
And to see the tranquility with which those finely cut, rose colored lips return the kisses through the veil, the question arises whether it is the bridegroom that she kisses or the Mechin lace, at five hundred the meter.

Ah! there were adorners around that beautiful Signora Marchis, so lovely and so young, married to an old man! It was expected that this fortress would be an easy one to conquer. Precisely on her wedding day Vico Molise, the most elegant and skeptical of the journalists of Upper Italy, had propounded to his friends this theorem:

"Given a beautiful girl, very poor; given that she marries a rich old man; divide the number of his years by the number of hundreds of thousands of lire of which she becomes mistress, and you will have the number of months necessary for her to take a lover."

And as soon as he could he began, with many others, to attempt the demonstration of this theorem.

Well, this time the impeccable psychological diagnosis of Vico Molise had been found to fail. Not only, after some months, the beautiful Signora Marchis had no lover, but it appeared also that she never was to have one.

Always dressed with an adorable elegance, with a luxury full of good taste, the beautiful Gemma loved to amuse herself, moving freely in that society new for her finding herself in her right place as a marvelous plant in a vase of valuable porcelain, developing itself in all its splendor. She went to dances, to the theatre, enjoying the plebeian admiration provided by her beauty, coquetting a little with her adorners, flustering about the fire in order to make them sparkle, her wings of a golden butterfly, but never letting herself be burned.

In the very moment of a declaration, in the midst of one of those waltzes whose notes seem made on purpose to stifle expiring virtue in their serpentine spirals, she cut short her adorer by turning her angelic head and saying serenely:

"I don't see my husband. Look a little where my husband is, if you will be so kind."

And it was known that her greatest delight was to relate precisely to her husband the declarations which she had received. When she came home with him from a ball, all wrapped in the white silken folds of her sortie du bal, with her pure throat, her snowy shoulders that blossomed still more fair from her swansdown boa; when in the evening she met him in the dining room, still in visiting costume, with her slim waist tightly compressed by an exquisitely elegant gown, with her face animated by the slight excitement which elegant conversation always produces in a young woman, she amused herself immensely in addressing to her husband some of these provoking and roguish phrases:

"You know, I was at Countess Foschi's. Molise was there, you know. Always faithful and always in despair. And also Comelli, he that has such lugubrious gallantry. He has promised to kill himself for my sake within a month; we shall see. Ah! Ah!"

And sitting opposite to him, in a rustle of satin and jet, making shine like two stars the brilliant, large as hazelnuts, which adorned her small ears, she continued to laugh, with her elastic laughter, full of mischief and full of tenderness.

Ah, indeed, old Marchis could call himself a fortunate man!

Fortunate! Yes, he ought to have considered himself so. When he set himself to reason about it, to describe mentally his conjugal situation, he had to conclude that he would have done wrong to complain of his destiny. And yet—

What of the terribly unexpected had he now discovered in the depths of the pure sapphire of Gemma's eyes? Was there arisen in his soul the doubt that that faithfulness against every trial, that coldness toward her admirers, was nothing but the wish to preserve intact a position acquired with difficulty, and that precisely to that position was directed all the tenderness shown toward himself? I do not know, but the vivid and impetuous joy of the wedding was no longer in him, although his love remained the same, and a painful doubt thrilled in his voice when he replied to the playful confidence of Gemma, forcing himself to laugh, too.

"Take care, now, take care—the vengeance of the tyrant hangs over you!"

Ah, the poor tyrant, how he loved her! How she had known how to bind him with her little hands, white and perfumed as two lilies! For nothing in the world would he have discovered the truth, changed into certainty his foreshadowing doubt; so she had only to ask in order to obtain; for now for him that love of which he doubted had become his life, and he felt a painful stricture at his heart at the mere thought that a day might come when he would be obliged to refuse her something. Yet that day came. Suddenly, by one of those mysterious complications of business, his bank, which until then had gone from

triumph to triumph, underwent a violent shock. Not a noisy downfall, one of those open, public ruins which produce great failures, but one of those deep, intimate, secret crises that must be borne without a word, a lament, under penalty of death; that can be overcome only by force of small privations, little hidden savings; it is then that strict economy in the family becomes necessary. The luxury of Gemma in those moments became absolutely ruinous for her husband; he ought to have warned her, sought to check her; he dared not, and continued to content her, but very soon came the time when he could do so no more.

It was on the occasion of a great ball to which she was to go; she had ordered from Paris a marvelous gown that became her to perfection; still she was not satisfied. Some days before, in the showcase of the most fashionable jeweler of the city, a diadem had set in revolution all the feminine imaginations; a superb jewel, of antique style, set in silver gilt, of a starry pallor, where the brilliant seemed drops of flame. Gemma wished to have it, and indeed it would be difficult to find a face adapted to the almost religious richness of that jewel, more than her snowy profile of an angel in ecstasy.

Ten thousand francs was the price of that jewel, and Marchis did not have them. Mute, immovable, his heart oppressed, he listened to Gemma's words as she described it to him. How could he tell her, how could he even tell her that he had not the 10,000 francs! It was terrible. To another woman who should have had that caprice one might have proposed to have her own diamonds reset after that model, or perhaps even to have an imitation diadem made. No one would have suspected it. But he felt that the danger lay in confessing his powerlessness. Yet it must be done. And he made an effort at courage.

Gemma had seated herself beside him, throwing back and bending a little to one side her blonde head with that irresistible feminine movement which displays the white throat, the pure line descending from the slender neck to the full bloomed bust down to the round and flexible waist.

"I would like to have it; it seems to me that I should look well. Don't you think so? I have a great wish to be beautiful. If you know why?"

She laughed now deliciously, with the air of her roguish hours. He was silent for a moment; then fixing a vague look upon the delicate designs of the oriental carpet, paling as if from an inward wound, he murmured:

"The fact is that I do not know—I do not really know whether—whether I shall be able to buy it for you!"

"Why?"

She had quickly raised her head, much surprised, uneasy, looking at him. Such a thing had never happened to her.

Marchis wiped his forehead and resumed his discourse.

"The fact is—you see, in a bank like ours there are moments that—certain moments in which one cannot—in which it is impossible."

What was impossible for him, in that moment, was to finish the phrase. He stopped and lifted his eyes timidly to her, desolately, as if to beg her to help him. She was very pale, with a sudden hardness in all her features, in her compressed mouth, in her knit brows, in her sparkling eyes.

"Have you not 10,000 francs? Is it possible?"

And her voice was hard as her look—a profound hardness that startled him. But all at once her face changed expression, she recovered her fresh, tuneful laugh, the sweet and limpid ray was rekindled in her blue eyes.

"Come, you want to tell me stories, so as not to buy me anything. Deceiver! I that wished to be beautiful in order to drive Vico Molise a little crazy; he has declared to me that he is tired of my perfidy. See, you deserve—do you know that I am becoming angry with you?"

She really believed that she had hit the truth with her words. Indeed, he had so well kept up the illusion with her, he had hidden so jealously his embarrassment that she did not know how to explain this sudden restriction. But meanwhile every word of hers was a blow to the heart of Marchis; he saw her already at the ball, passing from arm to arm, with her step like a flying angel; listening to the insidious compliments of Vico Molise and his kind, and keeping meantime in her heart that leaven of rancor against him because of his refusal; and he saw himself again, as he had seen himself a little while before in the mirror, old, weary, worn, beside her so fresh, young, with eyes sparkling from the cruel scorn of one who has made an unequal bargain.

Suddenly he rose, like one who has taken a decision, passed his hand across his brow, and without replying went away to go out of the house. She believed that she had conquered, and let him go without moving herself, only with a flash of cunning in her eyes, but when he was on the stairs the door opened, a blonde head appeared between the folding doors:

"We are agreed, then?"

He did not reply, and she heard his step down the stairway, slow, heavy, weary.

The evening of the ball Marchis knocked at the door of his wife's dressing room.

"Come in," and he entered.

In the little dressing room so illuminated as to seem on fire, with the air filled with fragrance from the little unstopped bottle of perfume, all gleaming white with the disorder of feminine apparel scattered about, Gemma stood erect before the mirror, between two kneeling maids, ready dressed for the ball. She was truly radiant in her gown of white satin with almond blossoms, with fresh sprays of almond flowers around the neck of the dress, at the waist, among the waving folds of the train, issuing from that covering of delicate, pale, dawn tinted flowers, she, too, was fresh as they, with her faintly rosy complexion, as if she were one of those flowers become a person. But under her

lashes gleamed now the flash of cold and cruel rancor.

Her husband had not given her the diadem.

But hearing him enter, she turned, and seeing that he held a casket in his hands she comprehended everything. With a bound she was beside him, her arms twined around his neck.

"Oh, how good you are! How good you are! How I love you!" He trembled all over and was very pale. Gemma did not even perceive it. All at once, with one of her irresistible movements, she loosened her arms from his neck, took with one hand the casket and with the other holding her husband's hand, she led him after her to the mirror.

She seated herself and opened the casket.

Among puffs of red plush, under the burning light, the diadem sent forth sparks like a flame. She had a new outburst of joy, took the husband's head between her hands, drew it down and kissed his forehead—oh! the forehead of a corpse, icy and livid. Then without looking at his features, his wandering gaze, she offered him the diadem and bent before him her blonde head, which was so well suited to that mystical jewel.

"Come, sir, crown me!"

And while he sought to unite with trembling hands the clasp of the gems among those marvelous blonde curls, waving and breaking into ripples of gold at every movement, she, still with her bent head, lifted her smiling eyes to meet his look. And he answered with a resigned gentleness to the smile of those perilous blue eyes; he, the poor man who deceived for the sake of desire to be deceived, and who bought for himself a little mock love with—mock diamonds.

—Translated for "Short Stories" from the Italian of Haydee by E. Cavazza.

Bonaparte Turns Pale.

A few nights before the 18th Brumaire a little scene was enacted at my house which would be void of interest but for the circumstances.

Gen. Bonaparte, then lodging at Rue Chantereine, had come to have a talk with me about the preparations for the eventful day. I was then living in Rue Taitbout, in a house which has since become No. 24, I believe. It stood at the back of a courtyard, and running from the first floor there were galleries which led to wings looking on the street. My drawing room was lighted with several candles. It was 1 o'clock in the morning, and we were in the middle of a very animated conversation when we heard a great noise in the street. To the rumbling of carriages was added the galloping of an escort of cavalry.

Suddenly the carriages stopped right before the door of my house. The general turned pale, and I quite believe I did the same. The idea struck us both at the same time that they were coming to arrest us by order of the directory. I blew out the candles and crept stealthily along the gallery to one of the outside wings, from which I could see what was going on in the street. For some time I was at a loss to make anything out of the tumult, but at last I discovered the somewhat grotesque cause.

At this epoch, the Paris streets being very unsafe at night, when the gambling houses closed at the Palais Royal all the money that had been used for the bank was collected and placed in cabs, and the banker had been allowed by the police to have his cabs escorted by gendarmes, at his expense, to his home in the Rue de Clichy, or thereabout. That night one of the cabs had broken down just in front of my house, and that was the reason of the halt, which lasted for about a quarter of an hour. We had a hearty laugh, the general and I, over our panic—very natural though it was when we knew, as we did, the tendencies of the directory and the extreme measures it was capable of taking.—Talleyrand's Memoirs in Century.

A Careless Teacher of Deportment.

Politeness, to be worthy anything, must be instinctive. It is a good scheme to instruct youth in the outward signs of this inward grace, even though it hath it not, but the teacher should also practice what he preaches, or discredit falls on him and his instruction. A certain professor in a popular school has been very strenuous in enforcing certain "manners" on his classes, and very properly insists that the little boys should take off their hats whenever they meet any person they know, and also give up their seats in a crowded street car to ladies who are standing. Some of the small boys questioned the latter necessity, but when informed that a gentleman, unless he was a cripple, would never sit while a woman stood, accepted the edict as final and have doubtless acted on it. But some of these pupils have recently credited their professor with insincerity, for they have seen him retain his seat in a crowded public conveyance, and, furthermore, he barely returns with a touch of his hat rim the courteous recognition of the young girls in his classes.—Boston Herald.

A Plea for Hypocrisy.

When atrocious Hamlet, in his choler interview with his mother in the cabinet, impudently advised her to assume a virtue if you have it not, he unwittingly laid down a general conduct rule of high value to individuals and the community.

Simulation of virtue, though far inferior to the real article, is still the next best thing to it, just as whitewash, though much inferior to marble, is yet greatly superior to dirty nakedness.—John McElroy in Popular Science Monthly.

Seaside fare, which includes plenty of carbon in the form of white bread and potatoes, is an ideally wholesome diet for summer; especially in warm weather is carbon required in food, because by some chemical transformation it affords the system material for water, at least in quantity sufficient to control feverish conditions and excessive thirst.

The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, the heir to the throne of Austria, is a tall and very distinguished looking man. He has been very carefully educated, has considerable talent for art and music and is a fine soldier.



The picture of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, playing upon his magic pipe, while the entranced rats of the town leave their holes and flock after him into the sea, reminds one of the speed with which the diseases and impurities of the blood leave the system when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is taken.

It removes all humors, poisons, or taints, from the system, whether manifested in the common pimple, or eruption, or in boils, carbuncles, eczema, salt-rheum, fever-sores, white swellings, hip-joint disease, and kindred affections—in fact anything and everything resulting from impure blood.

For scrofula of the lung tissues (consumption) it has no equal, and often cures cases which physicians have given up. It is a guaranteed liver, blood and lung remedy, and the only one sold. Your money returned if the medicine fails to accomplish what its manufacturers claim, when taken in time and given a fair trial.

CHILLY FANATICISM.

Cranks Who Find Delight in Taking Frigid Plunges in Midwinter.

I found myself at the Serpentine at an unusually early hour in the morning. A little way out in the water, in front of the diving board, was a ladder lying on the ice, and in front of this ladder were two trestles. Between these two trestles the ice was broken away, leaving a space of water to dive into about ten feet long by five or six wide, the trestles being placed there for the purpose of keeping the miserable little plunge bath select from the skaters.

To the left of the trestles was another ladder lying on the ice. Near the bank I found a policeman who was communicative. The bathers form a kind of club, and number about twenty, he told me. They bathe every morning. No matter what the weather is, in they go just the same. All classes of people belong to the club, I was further told, and some came from a good distance. One enthusiast is 75 years old. His hair and beard are white as snow.

Just behind us was a very fine old elm tree. "That," said the policeman, "is their favorite tree. That is where they dress and undress." I soon found that this was the case, as the bathers came up. The first man to arrive lost no time in undressing, but went to the tree and threw off his clothes, chatting to the policeman while. Then he sped gayly to his little patch of water between the trestles. Into the water he jumped—it is very shallow here—and dipping underneath it began to throw out some very large blocks of ice to the right and left of him.

This done, he leaped nimbly on to the diving board, poised himself, plunged and disappeared beneath the water, but only for a few moments. He was out again in that space of time and ran nimbly to the tree, where he quickly dried himself and rather shyly dressed. The others also undressed quickly, mounted the board and dived, but only once, and they were out like the other man and rapidly drying themselves. They never take more than one plunge in the cold weather. This was the general routine of all the bathers, who seemed to enjoy the bath immensely, uttering delighted "Ahs!" as they went in and came out.

"How do you feel?" said I to one who was drying himself, "cold?"

"No; all of a glow—warm all over."

"How do you feel when you go in first—cold?"

"No, not at all. Of course it's use."

He went on to say that he had indulged in the cold plunge bath for twelve years and never missed a day. Nor did any of the others miss if they could help it. Rain, hail or snow—in he went and in they went. "I've been in when it's been 20 degs. below freezing point," he said delightedly; "it's only about five now," and he seemed sad because it was too warm.

"And you like it?"

"Rather—most healthy thing in the world—feel quite fresh for the day. A-a-ah!"

The bathers are allowed by the authorities to have this special lot of water all to themselves, and very jealously they guard their privilege. On Christmas day they have a swimming race of a

All the year round, you may rely upon Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to purify the blood and invigorate the system. It's not like the sarsaparillas, that are said to be good for the blood in March, April and May. The "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all times, and in all cases of blood-taints, or humors, no matter what their name or nature.

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hundred yards, with first, second and third prizes—but not for money.—London Graphic.

Just the Thing.

It is difficult for us all to realize that "one man's meat is another man's poison." A dear old lady, whose parents belonged to the Society of Friends, is accustomed to tell a whimsical story of her own childish grief over her lack of finery, and the effort she afterward made to save her little daughter from like privations.

"When I was a child," she says, "it was my great cross that I could not wear bright colors. I longed for blue ribbons and red roses, and one summer, when I was to have a new hat, bought from the milliner in town, it seemed to me my heart would break if it were not like those worn by 'the other girls.' Would not some kind angel interfere, and persuade my mother to order a pink flower or a glowing ribbon?"

"Nothing of the sort happened. In spite of my protests a white chip hat was selected, and trimmed with a modest white ribbon. I wore it all summer with rebellion in my heart."

"I grew up in due time, and married the minister of a religious body which did not enjoin plain clothing or sober colors, and when my little girl was born I resolved that she should have all the childish delights which I had been denied."

"Her little hats were trimmed with warm, soft colors, and when I thought her old enough to choose one for herself I took her with me to the milliner's. Perhaps I had an idea that I was atoning to my own childhood for its joys denied."

"Now, dear," I said, "you shall have any hat you like if it is suitable for a little girl. Look round and see what you prefer."

"The dear little thing was highly delighted, and went gravely about the store, with the important air of a middle-aged shopper. Finally, after examining the entire display several times over, she stopped before a stand in one of the windows."

"I will have this," said she decisively. "I like it best of all."

"It was a white chip hat, trimmed with white ribbon, and it was almost exactly like the one I had detested so many years before."—Youth's Companion.

Belief in a Future State.

It is curious and interesting to note that the British Columbian tribe of the Shanakons have a soul belief which is an almost exact counterpart of that cherished by the old Israelites. They believe that every being has its double or shadow, thin, pale figure, seldom or never seen by mortal eyes, which after death descends to an abode beneath the earth and there leads a sad and gloomy existence. The Israelites called this place Sheol; the Shanakons know it as "Eetes."

—St. Louis Republic.

Some Comfort.

"The cold snap caught you unawares, didn't it?"

"Yes. But so it did the cockroaches. Froze every blamed one in the house."—Chicago Tribune.

CATHOLIC NEWS.

One of the most interesting figures of the Grande-Chartreuse has just passed away in the person of the venerable monk known as Dom Nicolai. Before entering religion Dom Nicolai was a distinguished Russian officer and occupied the post of Governor of the Caucasus. Wounded at Schamyl and ordered by his doctors to the south of France, he came in contact with Mgr. Daplanoup. The result of this acquaintance was that instead of accepting further honors from his sovereign he entered the Carthusian monastery. He has since spent nearly twenty years in practicing to the full the austerities of St. Bruno's rule. He is said to have told those whom he occasionally saw that he had learned to love his austerities. There was one form of penance, however, that remained a penance to the last; this was the completely shaven head. Dom Nicolai showed Queen Victoria over the Grande-Chartreuse during her stay at Aix-les-Bains.

Local Catholic News

The Rev. T. P. Hodnett will deliver a lecture on "Catholic Temperance" under the auspices of St. Columbkille's Total Abstinence and Benevolent Society in their parish church next Sunday.

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Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.



OVER-WORK.

Office of the High Court of Illinois Catholic Order Foresters, 126 and 128 Washington Street.

Rev. E. KOENIG, D.D., S.T.D., I deem it a duty I owe you to certify to the good effect the taking of your medicine had on my health. I was troubled with nervousness brought on by over-work. Your Nerve Tonic almost immediately stopped that peculiar tremor that I presume, is evidence of nervousness. I am now well. My head troubled me, could not sleep, head hot, dreams of accidents, etc. One spoonful of your medicine removed the cause of my dreams; have not had them since; took seven or eight bottles of your medicine. Keep some in my house; always take some occasionally would not be without it; have recommended it to my friends. If I am not mistaken your medicine will prove a great blessing to this over-worked nation. Yours truly, JNO. F. SCANLAN, N. C. R.

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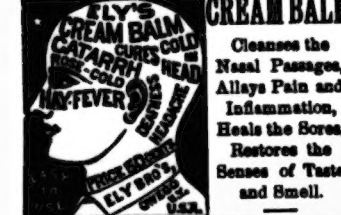
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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY 79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

Resolutions of Condolence.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted by the employees of the Anacosta Mining Company:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to call from among us our beloved friend, Michael Carroll, in whom by constant association we have come to recognize a friend of all honest men, and particularly of the working miners from whose ranks he has risen to a position of great honor and responsibility; therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Michael Carroll, mining has lost of its ablest experts, Butte a distinguished citizen, characteristically an unassuming but constant friend, the cause of Ireland a sincere, fearless, and disinterested advocate, and the interests of labor a most faithful champion. Be it further

Resolved, That we, the employees of the Anacosta Mining Company, while partaking in their grief, do hereby extend to the aged mother and sisters of the deceased our heartfelt sympathy. Death is the common lot, and though the anguish of parting from loved ones seems bitter at the time, it will be as nothing when compared to the joy of reunion in another and a better world where death is not; and, be it further

Resolved, That an engrossed and certified copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the mother and sisters of deceased, and that a copy be furnished the *Miner*, *Inter Mountain* and *Mining Journal* of Butte, the *Anacosta Standard*, *Boston Pilot*, *Irish World*, *Dublin Freeman*, and *THE CITIZEN*, of Chicago.

W. G. MALLORY,

Chairman.

JOHN J. BARRY,

Secretary.

D. M. EVANS,

R. D. WALSH,

B. J. A. MALLORY,

JAMES O. KEEGAN,

W. G. COLE,

Committee.

BUTTE CITY, MONT., Feb. 23, 1891.

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CLINE BROS., Proprietors.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of THOMAS CURRY, native of the Township of Finis, Parish of Drimaliff, county Sligo; came to America 10 years ago, and was in Chicago for the last 9 years; when last heard of he was in the hospital, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, three weeks previous to March 8, 1890. In 1886 he lived at 1616 Wabash av. In December, 1887, at 2501 Hanover st., in 1888 at 114 Twenty-fifth place, and in March, 1890, at 303 Twenty-sixth st.; when he said he would go to the hospital again. Any information regarding his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister, BRIDGET FARRELL, Gutteroway, Castlebarren Postoffice, County Sligo, Ireland.

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MANAGER,

Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 37 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL SHEEHAN, DECEASED. All persons having claims against the estate of Michael Sheehan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

DELLA SHEEHAN, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 20, 1891. David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF LUKE SINNON, ALIAS LOUIS E. SINNON, DECEASED. All persons having claims against the estate of Luke Sinnon, alias Louis Sinnon, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

ISABELLA E. SINNON, Administratrix.

Dated Chicago, January 12, 1891. David Sullivan, Attorney.

ESTATE OF JAMES KEHOE, DECEASED. All persons having claims against the estate of James Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of March, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.

MARGARET KEHOE, Executrix of the last will and testament of James Kehoe, deceased.

Dated Chicago, January 7, 1891. David Sullivan, Attorney.



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Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,

Attorney at Law,

609 Opera House Building,

Chicago, Ill.

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